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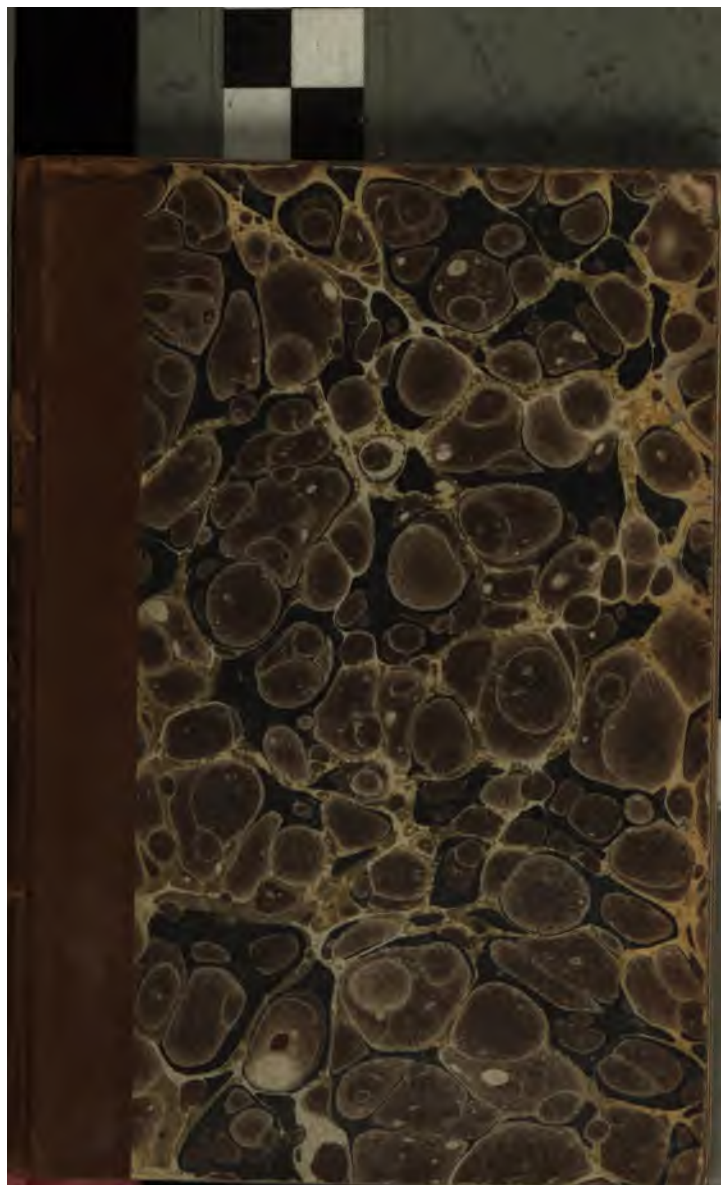
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48. 1625.







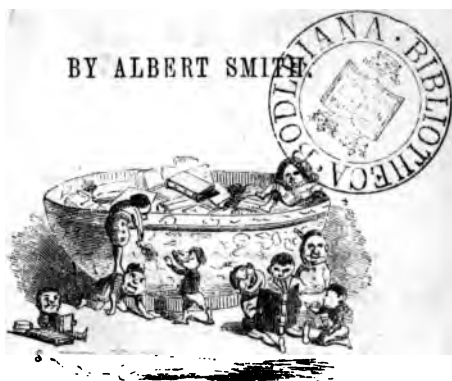
10



THE MORNING AFTER THE BALL.

Aslounding Effects of Gutta Percha!!!

A
BOWL OF PUNCH.



ILLUSTRATED BY HENNING, HINE, AND SALA.

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A BOWL OF PUNCH.

THE INTRODUCTION.



NE cold day in the past November, as we were sitting by the fire, we heard a melancholy little rap at the door, that carried some sort of a distressed application in its very sound. This not being answered, it was followed by a dismal single tingle at the area bell, which provoked a loud one from the parlour. The door was then opened; and the servant introduced a pale, thin, ill-clad stranger, who, apologizing in weak accents, informed us that it was a Joke.

We at first felt inclined to be angry, imagining that it was a practical one, played upon ourselves ; but a closer inspection satisfied us that our suspicions were ill-founded. For the Joke was some years old, and had an anxious care-worn appearance. Its clothes were threadbare, and it otherwise exhibited symptoms of having been in the greatest distress.

The Joke observed that it was once in very good circumstances, and was sure we must know it very well.

We asked if it was the celebrated one of the impatient gentleman in the coffee-house, who inquired if his *steak* was ready, to which the waiter replied, somewhat insolently, " No, sir, but your *chops* are."



The Joke shook its head.

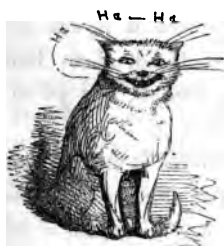


We next inquired if it was the offspring of Mr. Hood, about Ben Battle hanging himself, and so enlisting in the line?

The Joke answered it was not, but one equally respectable. (*The name of the Joke was here given, but as we intend making use of it slightly altered, we suppress it for obvious reasons.*) It was received in good society for some time; and next got a place, in the form of a conundrum, on a Twelfth Night character. When it was sufficiently old to be trusted on the stage, Mr. Moncrieff got it a new situation in one of the late Mr. Mathews's "patter" songs, and at the end of the entertainment it did double duty in the *Gatherer* of the "Mirror," and as one of the *Comicalities* in "Bell's Life in London."



After this it returned to the stage under the auspices of Mr. Peake in a farce at the English Opera; and then, with some slight modification, was made over by him to Mr. Planché for one of his burlesque extravaganzas



Joke believed it was "The White Cat."

We inquired if it was not dangerous to bring such well-known jokes upon the stage.

The Joke said it was quite the contrary—that

oldest witticisms always told the best upon the audience, as any member of the Dramatic Authors' Society could bear witness; and especially writers of burlesques. After "The White Cat," it was out of place for some time, until it got a very humble

RICHARDSON



engagement for three days for Greenwich Fair, but it met with such ill-treatment from the hands of Mr. Merryman, to whom it was confided, that it was laid up as incapable for some time afterwards.

We inquired if this finished its engagement.

The Joke answered in the negative. It next became a woodcut for a penny *weekly paper*, and was for a short time with *Mr. Clarkson* at the Old Bailey, and Colonel Sib-

thorp in the House. But not answering the expectation formed of it, it was turned finally adrift, and had since been wandering about in the keenest misery.

We expressed our great concern to see a once respectable Joke so fallen ; and felt almost at a loss as to what course to pursue with a view to giving it assistance. Unfortunately the market was over-stocked with old Jokes, and had been so for a long time.

"Sir," said the Joke, "I am well aware of that, but I think I can suggest something. We see every day old-fashioned articles (which had become far too antiquated fifty years ago to be presentable) freshly done up, re-gilt or lacquered, varnished or soldered, and then selling for great prices on account of their very antiquity. A servant's looking-glass, which might have been turned out of Versailles a century ago for being a poor and common thing, now sells for an immense sum as a Louis Quatorze mirror. There-



fore, although I was old some time ago, yet if I am newly done up, and put into the mouth of Lord Brougham, or any other public character with a reputation for wit, I may go off as well as ever."

We remarked that we had a great objection to old puns; but there was very great plausibility in the scheme proposed by the one in question, and we would see what could be done. It was melancholy to see a Joke that had been wont to set the table in a roar (or rather the people round it) thus reduced to misery. Still we thought in the meantime some thing could be got, however little, at the theatre.

"Alas," said the Joke, shaking its head, "there is not the least chance of such a thing. Since the run of burlesques, you authors have worn every joke to such a threadbare state, using several



of them upon good authority seven or eight times over, that I fear, before long, the indignation of the audience will burst forth at too glaring a repetition of a standard witticism."

We expressed our belief in the truth of the story, and

added that something should be done with it if possible. In the meantime we would give it into the hands of an artist, Mr. Hine, to see what he could make of it.



The Joke expressed its thanks, and retired into the pigeon-hole of our desk.



This interview set us thinking. We knew that several jokes of our own were wandering about the world in great distress; and we determined, at once, upon applying to our publisher to do something for them. Our proposal was met in the kindest spirit; and we now introduce the reader to the small, but neat refuge, provided for them.

We have called it *A Bowl of Punch*, firstly, because some of the ingredients—altered, however, and freshly illustrated—first appeared before the public in that periodical; and secondly, that it

might be a companion to *The Wassail Bowl*, which we brewed four or five years ago, before the rush of Christmas Books had used up every other term connected with the season.

This little book is not, however, merely a reprint. A great portion of it is entirely original; and if it serves to relieve a long railway journey of its tedium, or gets rid of a dull hour anywhere, its mission will be entirely answered.



AN ACT

*For the Abolition of Punishment by Tobacco-smoke
on board the River Steamers, and elsewhere.*



IT HAVING lately become the habit of hundreds of Your Majesty's subjects — authors, artisans, invalids, and other individuals requiring a mouthful of fresh air—to traverse various portions of the River Thames between Blackwall and Chelsea, for the sake of enjoying the same at a compara-

tively small outlay, consistent with the means of the majority :

And whereas it also having become the habit of other individuals, presumed to be Gents of various degrees, to voyage also on these boats, and the instant they come on board to light a species of firework composed of dried cabbage leaves, and termed a Cheroot, by the smoke of which the atmosphere is completely poisoned, and the authors, artisans, or invalids, as the case may be, put to extreme suffering :

May it therefore please Your Majesty that it be enacted ; *And be it enacted*, That henceforth each individual so offending against common politeness be

A BOWL OF PUNCH.

immediately set down as a "snob on parole"—the word "snob" being the common for "gent;" with



the certainty that he belongs to a class of society where such behaviour is considered (to clothe its vulgar idiom in a continental language, whereby its coarseness may be lessened) *tout à fait le fromage* : and the term "on parole" indicating at the same



time that the aforesaid "party" is *hors de chez lui pour le jour*, being in reality a *sauteur du comptoir*.

AND BE IT ENACTED, That a committee be appointed to purchase and buy up all the spare cabbage leaves from the public markets ; and, having steeped them in an infusion of strong tobacco and saltpetre, to roll them up into Cheroots. And having so formed them, that these be presented abundantly to all scavengers, costermongers, cabmen, and the like orders, whereby the air-polluters may see more clearly, that the practice is by no means fashionable or dashing, but, *on the contrary*, remarkably low ; and that there is

nothing of the "swell" about it—"swell" being another word by which the smokers express any tawdry display of finery upon a Gent, who consi-



ders himself a man-about-town, he not having any pretensions, in reality, beyond those of being a useful commercial assistant.

And be it further enacted, That all individuals insisting upon smoking, be accommodated with a cheap common steam-boat, all to themselves, to be called *The Cheroot*, which shall ply up and down the Thames, with strict orders to keep always on the leeward side of the river. And, moreover, to accommodate everybody, that the said steam-boat shall only run before the shop-shutters are taken down, and after they are put up again, Sundays excepted, on which day, being the great festival of smokers in the open air, it be permitted to run continuously. But at the same time, that smoking be allowed in other boats at all hours, provided the parties using tobacco do not dare to come out of the engine-room, but remain in company with the stokers, for whom they are fit society.

Saving always, That the "snobs on parole" have sense enough to see the offensive nature of their proceedings, or the non-tobacconists have energy enough to forbid altogether such filthy attempts at

slang gentility; or that this little book becomes generally circulated, in common with others, on board the river steam-boats; under which circumstances there will be no occasion for the Government to interfere.



POST OFFICE REGULATIONS.

THE times at which letters should be put into receiving-houses to regulate their delivery, are as follow :—

If put into the receiving-house by yourself at 8 A.M.	} Or general office by 9 A.M.	{ Sent out for delivery at 10 A.M.
If given to your clerk for the same hour,		
	} Wait until something else is wanted,	{ Come to hand about 4 P.M.
If given to a friend who is "going by" a post office,	} Perform quarantine in his pocket for a week,	{ Never arrive at all.

Letters borrowing money, or begging favours, generally miscarry, or come to hand whilst the person they are sent to "is in the country."

Letters demanding payment of cash due, are returned to the writers, endorsed "Gone away—not known where;" or forwarded from one place to another, with "try No. 14," "no such name," &c., *until they get worn out or illegible.*

THE ORIGINAL SONG OF ROBINSON
CRUSOE.



I 'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
No poors' rates nor taxes I pay,
Nor take out a license to shoot.
No bailiffs or brokers I dread
To carry off me or my sticks,
And this hut I built over my head,
Though of mud, is as jolly as bricks.
They may talk of residing abroad,
With limited means for a plea,
But of all the cheap places to live
Uninhabited islands for me.

Quite out of my fashion I strike
All habits defying my ease ;
I wear my clothes just as I like,
And I think they are " rather the cheese."

No poachers nor bailiffs I fear,
Nor e'er shot a man by mistake,
My venison though "cheap," still is "deer,"
And game of the game-laws I make.
They may talk of residing abroad,
At Boulogne, or Brussels, or Brest,
But of all the cheap places to live
Uninhabited islands are best.

I've no Mrs Caudle to twit,
But go to sleep just when I choose,
And corn-laws don't fret me a bit,
For I always wear very large shoes.
I've nothing to purchase, and so
With bills I am never afflicted,
And quarrels I never shall know,
Because I am ne'er contradicted.
They may talk of residing abroad,
Or of flight to the land of Yankee,
But of all the cheap places to live
Uninhabited islands for me.

TO CALCULATE NATIVITIES.

THIS is a troublesome process, and requires much labour. Find out the hour and minute of the day by the nearest clock, and if in a tavern, what sign you are under. Then according to the time you may have, walk through the streets and work out this problem. As the knockers tied up in kid are to the monthly nurses at the second-floor windows, so are the "births" in the newspapers to the doctors' gigs at the doors. Make friends with the district registrar, and inspect his tables; and to this add the number of usually married men who may be seen entering into the gay frivolities of life. Caution is necessary to avoid calling too soon at the house after the result; as it involves half-a-crown to the nurse.

A shorter method.—Keep an account of the increasing expenditure occasioned by your children: and, by looking back, you will soon be enabled to calculate their nativities.

THE JOKEMETER.

WE have constructed a very ingenious instrument for testing jokes, which we call a Jokemeter, by which any one may be enabled in future to test the merit of those articles, by determining the quantity of spirit in them, and assign them a place in proportion to their quality.

All below Joe Miller, or Zero, should be at once rejected.

A trial has furnished us with the following results, upon various jokes tested at random:—

First Rate . 40	After a deep and patient research, the possibility of finding a joke of this species has been given up in despair. They have vanished from the earth.
Very Fair . 35	At a late supper economy was the order of the day. Somebody wondered to see the fowls go begging, at which somebody else said that the fowls might well go begging, since they were so very poor.
Smart . 30	On the Marquis of Blandford first taking his seat for Woodstock, Mr. Hume said, in allusion to his youth, that he looked as if he had not sown his wild oats. The other replied with great quickness, "Then I am come to the proper place, where there is a goose to pick them up."
Passable . 25	Mr. T. Duncombe is puzzled to tell which is the most difficult—to live <i>within</i> his income, or <i>without</i> it.
Temperate . 20	When Jenny Lind heard that Barroni was to sing second to her in the Norma duet, she said, "Second, indeed! before she tries a <i>second</i> , I would advise her to learn to <i>sing first</i> ." Mr. Lumley, on hearing this, was angry.
Mild . 15	"Of all the plagues by authors curst," Says Morton, "sure the very worst Is to th' assembled mimic crowd Your last new farce to read aloud:" "That may be bad," sly Keeley said, "But worse to sit and hear it read."
Shy . 10	Mr. Cooper, at a party the other night, being much pressed to sing, when he did not wish it, having the influenza, observed "that they wished to make a <i>butt</i> of him." "By no means, my dear fellow," rejoined a bystander, "we only want to get a <i>stave</i> out of you."
Dummy . 5	The joke of a Sanitary Commissioner, who, upon being appealed to on behalf of the distressed needlewomen, said "He had been quite worried enough with the <i>sewers</i> already."
Joe Miller, or, Zero. 0	The worst specimen of this class is the venerable joke of the gentleman who, passing along the street, was told by his friend that he had kicked the bucket, "No," exclaimed he, being a wag; "I only turned a little pail (pale)."

MORE LAMENTABLE DESTITUTION.



AS a rider to the foregoing we may inform our readers that, since the case of the Distressed Joke, our chambers have been besieged by other decayed jokes applying for situations. It has been found impossible to relieve them all, and we beg to recommend them to the notice of the benevolent. We had referred them to Exeter-hall, but the principals of that establishment are not much attached to jokes, although they may be as far-fetched as their chief objects of charity.

CASE 1.



AN old joke of the Irishman, who said the tea-kettle could not be lost, being at the bottom of the sea, because he knew where it was, is in great distress. It is so long since anybody laughed at it that the votes and interest of the Asylum for worn-out jokes are earnestly requested.

CASE 2.



HE joke of the urchin who supposed the gentleman's hat must be *sleepy* because it had not had a *nap* for so long. We once gave this joke a neat new dress in a funny periodical, which made it appear very respectable, but it turned out incorrigible, and is again thrown on the world.

CASE 3.



HE joke of a certain beau, who, upon being told that a hatter's house was on fire, said, "Ah! then, the loss must be *felt*." This joke once got a place at the Princess's Theatre in an extravaganza, but upon so small a salary, that it could not make any provision for the future. It is at

present totally unprovided for.

A large miscellaneous party of jokes have also applied to us, all being below Joe Miller, or Zero, when tested by our Jokemeter. They commence, in number, as follows:—

- "A traveller coming to an inn" . . (9)
- "A celebrated wit was once asked" . (8)
- "Sheridan, being in company with" . (4)
- "Two Irish labourers the other day" . (6)

- “At the late assizes, during a cross-examination” (10)
- “Mr. Curran, the celebrated advocate, was walking” (7)
- “A man and his wife, having some words lately” (12)
- “Dean Swift, dining at ———” (5)
- “A roguish fellow, of Trinity College” (3)
- “During the late war, an idle fellow boasted” (2)

Communications will be most thankfully received from any person who thinks he can put the above jokes in a way of getting their livelihood. Address to the author, at the publisher's.

A TABLE TO CALCULATE WAGES.

Put down, first of all, the nominal wages received by your servant, which by calculation you will find to be the exact half of twice as much. Then subtract the fresh butter from the pantry, and the product will show you how often the best Dorset will go into the tub of kitchen-stuff. Then work out the sum: as the parlour Stilton is to the Dutch cheese, so is the cold meat to the young man who stands outside the area of an evening. Divide the contents of the tea-caddy into what you use yourself, and what is used for you, and the quotient will be as one to six. Write these several results upon a slate, and by adding them up carefully you will be enabled to calculate *how much your servant costs you.*

Selections from

“Miscellanies, by John Aubrey,”

Preparing for republication by the Shakespeare
Society.

When ye Headsmen did come nighe to my Ladye Jane Grey,
upon ye scaffold, and did intreat to knowe if she forgave
him, she did tell him to “axe.” Wherof my good friende Master
Robyns was a witnesse.

I haue heard my daughter Alice speke of a reduced olde ladye, ye
whiche did take to sell cakes outside Breter Halle, in ye Strande,
and had intente to sale, Nowe, my worthie Christians, buy my nice
spicy cakes. But, in her hurrie, it was her wont to overtalk herself,
and sale, Now, my nice spicy Christians, buy my worthie cakes.
And at this ye wag-halter boys did molest her sorelie.

A good friende doth affirme that lying one nightie near Greate
Marlowe, in Berks, he did see four candles in his roome in place of
two, ye which did dance about his bed like corpse-lights, yet he did not
die withal, but fell sick. Master Baldwynne thinketh that ye spiritis
did attack him; and indeed many are of ye same advice,

In London are witches that at merrie festiuals doe look at a man,
and by their eyes' power do draine his heartie cleane awaie, wherof he
pines, and, wastynge, doth become lunaticke. This, Mr. Marmy pro-
tested to me, that he did knowe. He is a person worthie of heliefe.

To Cure ye Influenza.

Write the following spell in parchmente, and wear it about your neck. It must be writt triangularly,—

INFLUENZA
INFLUENZ
INFLUEN
INFLUE
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Ye whiche being done, take Mr Mahomed his warme bathe, and afterwarde doe eat lustille, and drinke ryghte sherris. Nexte goe to Thelppert his Soirées, (as ye French doe call them,) and then to bedde, mindeful of ye colde. It hath rarelle been known to fail, nay, with this spell one Mistress Tibbie Flykke hath cured many.

Ye Templar nightcappe is not made of stele, nor is it a glasse of egge-hotte, as Oxforde men, whereof my friende Muffe is one, doe conceiue. His greate merit is that it keeps ye wearer from looking as though he was about to be hung. Ieland saies that Richarde ye Lion-hearted did wear such a nightcappe in Palestine, but according to Froissart his Chronicles, he was alwaies too wide awake to haue need of one.

Ye turnippe flies in ye countrie haue not been so hurtfulle this year as ye turnober flies in our neighbourhoode, by ye reason of ye driber his lobe for malice. As ye turnippe flies conclude their ill-doing without ye leaues on ye plantes, so ye turnober flies do soe without ye leaues of ye passengers. They are met with toward nightfalle in lanes on their waie to and from merrik-makings and junkettings.



THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

Oh! the old house at home, where my forefathers
dwelt,

Was a tumble-down place, where most dismal I felt ;
For my friends kept few servants, and taught me the
page

Could not wait upon me, for I was not of age.

Oh! my heart 'midst all changes, from London to
Rome,

Finds each place more gay than the old house at home !

'T was not for its rent that the dwelling was dear,

But it wanted no end of repairs every year.

From the roof had been stolen the coating of lead,

And the rain pelted through till it dripped on your
head ;

And a dark narrow passage, with no space to roam,

Was the hall of my father—the old house at home.

But now the old house is no dwelling for me ;

I 'm settled in London, where sooner I 'd be ;

And ne'er will return there, except as a guest,
 Just for two or three days—if I do, I am blest !
 The dulness would kill me, and slumber would come
 In the small dingy rooms of the old house at home.

USEFUL CHRONOLOGY.

	A.D.
Widdicombe engaged at Vespasian's Amphitheatre	70
Gunpowder invented by Geoffrey Chaucer	1330
Sir Hugh Myddleton signed Magna Charta	1215
Tobacco discovered at Newcastle by Dr. Johnson	1496
Robespierre executed at Tyburn for forgery	1794
Peace of Amiens between Boadicea and William Tell	1802
The Romans landed at New York	1492
Gibraltar taken by Joinville	1704
Action between Noah's Ark and the Chesapeake	1770
Gravesend a Republic	1792
Mr. Braham taken prisoner at the Battle of Tewkesbury	1471
Windmills invented by Lord Brougham	1299
Joan of Arc died at St. Helena	1307
Wat Tyler killed at Walworth by Sir Peter Laurie	1381
John Milton wrote his ballad of "Oysters, Sir!"	1628
Circulation of the Blood invented	1553
Queen Victoria did not go to Paris	1843
James Stuart <i>ascended</i> the Throne of England (to repair the top) Sept. 1, 1843. <i>Abdicated</i> , to dinner, on the same day, at 1 P.M. <i>Reascended</i> , same day, at 2. Finally <i>deposed</i> at 6 P.M.	

DOMESTIC HINTS.



TO KEEP CURRANT WINE FOR ANY TIME.—Bottle off and stack in bins as usual. Then, at the head of each bin place a decanter of port, which keep filled, as it will evaporate quickly. And as long as there is any port your currant wine will be preserved admirably.

TO MAKE A SEEDY CAKE.—Procure some common dough, the size of a quarter loaf. Put in half a pound of plums, two small bits of citron, and a tea-spoonful of moist sugar. Bake as usual, and keep until quite stale. It will be a very seedy cake.

A CHICKEN STEW.—Shut up the door of the hen-roost, and throw in lighted fireworks. It is soon accomplished.



TO CURRY.—The readiest way of doing this is to buy a comb, sold on purpose at the saddlers'. In France, where horse-flesh is eaten more than in England, this will be found a good method, the horse being the animal most usually curried.

TO ROAST A PIKE.—Go to the toll-house on Waterloo Bridge, and chaff the toll-keeper respecting that valuable property. You can dish him *at the same time*, by riding *through behind a coach*.



TO MAKE A TWELFTH CAKE.—Having manufactured eleven in any manner you please, make another, and you will have a twelfth cake.



O MAKE A WELCH RABBIT.—The simplest method is that practised in our schools by little boys, which consists in toasting a slice of yellow soap on a bit of slate over the candle. Foreigners should ask for "*Lapin du pays des Galles*," to ensure the real animal, which arrives from Wales to the London markets, potted down in the form of cheeses, to which it bears some resemblance in taste. It is not necessary to take out a poulterer's license in order to retail Welch rabbits, nor has the trade, in this particular article, been found as yet to suffer from the tariff rabbits which are sent from Ostend. The skins of the Welch rabbits are perfectly useless in a commercial point of view; but are sometimes advantageously employed to bait mouse-traps.

LIP SALVE.—This is made by simmering together equal quantities of deception and soft soap, with a portion of essence of tin. Pour in a few drops of tincture of humbug to flavour it, and strain through a cant sieve. It is excellent to correct crudities of speech.



TO PRESERVE DATES.—The surest way is to write them down in a book before you forget them.



TO CURE SMOKY CHIMNEYS (an excellent way).—Lay the fire as usual with coal and sticks, but be careful not to light it. This hath rarely been known to fail, and is, at the same time, a great saving of fuel.

TO CUT UP A GOOSE.—If any difficulty is experienced in catching a goose, or nobody has cooked your own for you, wait until somebody writes a new five act "high art" play. Then review it honestly, and you will have cut up the goose. The sage will be very difficult to find.

OYSTER SAUCE FOR TAVERNS.—Take a go of thin gruel. Heat it in a saucepan, and then add three raw oysters. Serve in a butter boat, and garnish with a few blacks.



TO KEEP AWAY CHAPS.—Very plain cooks, in common with other female attendants, are recommended for this purpose. You will not then be much troubled with them.

TO CARVE POULTRY.—Fowls have seldom more than two wings. It is advisable, therefore, in carving them, to remember this.

Help the particular guests to a wing or breast ; and

when they are gone, it is good breeding to ask the unimportant people "if they have a preference for any part."



REASE SPOTS are removed at any time from silks and velvet, by placing a red-hot iron upon the part, which entirely takes them away. The same will apply to ink and mould.

TO PREVENT BEER FROM BEING TURNED BY THUNDER.—Having ascertained that it is perfectly good, draw off entirely in pint-pots. Then having collected an equal number of railway navigators, distribute accordingly. This will answer in the hottest summer.



A BUTTERED TOAST.—I will, therefore, propose the health of my valued friend, who unites in himself every excellence; to know whom is to love him; and whose genius, honour, wit, benevolence, and moral worth, it is totally beyond the power of words to express—much more of humble words like mine.

The best period for going to market is, when you have got some money; but if you have not any, then you must wait till you have.

In choosing game to stock preserves, remember pheasants and foxes are known by their combs and brushes.



AMBRIDGE and Epping sausages are made in Leaden-hall Market.

You can do a green goose the easiest, although they may be somewhat downy at the same time.

Dripping is always to be procured on wet days. It is collected by careful

housekeepers in umbrella-stands.

A quart of wine does not contain two pints.

A pound of cherries bought in the streets weighs six ounces.

A bed contains two sheets, a quire twenty-four: therefore twelve beds make a quire.

Itinerant Christmas musicians, if not connected with the parish, may be taken up as false waits.



East India traders sometimes find it a task of great difficulty to "make the Cape." English vintners do it with great facility, by mixing water, brandy, and raisin wine together, in certain proportions.

An English league contains four cabriolet miles.

A pipe of wine is 120 gallons; and 110 make a short pipe. Three barrels make a pipe, but it takes 24 pipes to make a barrel-organ. A pipe of tobacco *is much less* in quantity.

NEW FIGURE-DANCES,

AS PRACTISED IN THE COURTS OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER;
OCCASIONALLY IN THE STREETS OF SEVEN DIALS;
AND ELSEWHERE.

LE MOUCHOIR VOLE.



First gentleman and lady advance and retire, being about to cross the road, and seeing something coming.



Second gentleman follows, and takes a handkerchief from the pocket of the first, which he gives to the second lady.



Second gentleman retires, and second lady sets the two policemen.



Policemen conduct second lady down the middle o
Bow Street to the station-house.



Chaine des Dames.

MASTER FLUFFY'S FAVOURITE.

A Juvenile Dance.



First young gentleman stands on his head against
the side of a house, touching the wall with his feet.



Second young gentleman advances, and knocks
him over.



The two poussette and go down.



First and second young ladies advance, and hands round.



Third lady (mother of first young gentleman) appears at the door.



Grand Gallope and Chasse.



Third lady pursues first young gentleman, and brings him back in triumph by his ears.



Grand round of little boys.

UNE NUIT DE FETE.

(As danced at Vauxhall.)



First lady and gentleman enter supper-box.



Second lady and gentleman advance and join them.



Waiter advances and retires.



The two couple set to at the cold ham.



Round of Punch.



First gentleman pousettes with the waiter, and then retires altogether.



Two ladies get alarmed, and dance off.



Second gentleman has to pay.



Right and left between the waiter and second gentleman.



Second gentleman performs *cavalier seul* in *La Pastorale*, in Battersea Fields, forgetting his way home.

The music of the above figures may be heard at a cheap rate from the piano-organs of the Italian boys.

EQUATION OF TIME.

A watch generally goes much faster in a crowd than if it was left at home. A clock goes down if it is not wound up; but if your own affairs are approaching a wind-up instead, then it is most likely that the watch or clock will "go up." Watches should be regulated by Sun Dials; but if none are handy, then the mean time of the gin-shop clocks in Seven Dials will answer all the purpose. At the close of the theatres, the illuminated one in the Strand, opposite *Waterloo Bridge*, is generally G minutes to T.

A NEW DRAMA ON AN OLD MODEL,
TOM THE TURNCOCK;
 OR, THE FIRELADDER OF LIFE.
(Adapted to a mixed company.)

CHARACTERS.

Lord Voracious Noheart . . . MR. DIDDEAR.
 The Hon. Epping Forest (*his nephew*) . . MR. J. WEBSTER.
 Charles (*his friend*) . . . MR. KINLOCH.
 Tom the Turncock MR. G. WILD.
 Bill Tugskull (*a Waterman, but no Teetotaller*) MR. LAMBERT.
 Highlow Jack (*a mysterious blackguard*) MR. SEARLE.
 Gentlemen, Scamps, &c.
 Lady Amelia Southdown (*ward of Lord Noheart*) MISS HARDING.
 Sally Green (*a water-cress girl*) MISS LEBATT.
 Servants, Women, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Swan Public House, with View of Hungerford Pier. A real lamp a-light. Bill Tugskull is discovered with some watermen, smoking and drinking.*



All. Bravo! bravo!

Bill. Them's my views. The common wherry row'd by an honest man, is better than a gilt steamer with a dissolute engineer.

Voices without. Hurrah, Tom!

Enter TOM TURNCOCK.

Tom. My day's work is over; and the man who can enjoy his pipe and beer with a clear conscience, need'nt envy the first lord of the land.

Bill. Nor the water neither.

All. Ha! ha! ha! Very good.

A voice without. Water-cresses!

Tom. That's my Sally's voice. I'd rather hear her cry water-cresses, than any of the fine airs of the foreign squallers at the hopera.

Enter SALLY.



Sally. Lar! Tom: who'd a thought of seeing you?

Tom. Why you come here a purpose—you know you did.

Sally. I scorn to tell a lie.—I did.

Tom. I know'd it. I knows were the plug lies, without looking up at the F. P. on the walls.

Bill. Come, Tom, we must go. Now, lads—let's away.

Tom. Good-bye, Sally. *[They exeunt.]*

Sally. I love my Tom: and when we're married, we shall be as happy as Gemini. *(sings.)*

BALLAD: "THE TURNCOCK'S BRIDE."

Enter THE HON. EPPING FOREST.

Forest. Hey day! what lovely girl is this? (*advances to her*). My dear, you're very pretty—give me a kiss.

Sally. Unhand me, sir. Though I sell water-cresses, flattery has no power over me.

Forest. So poor, and yet so rare a wit! She inflames me. Nay, then——



(*Sally screams. Tom enters and knocks Forest down with one of the keys of the water plug.*)

Forest. Do you know whom you have struck?

Tom. An honest heart does not care who it strikes.

Forest. 'T is well—you shall repent this.

Exit FOREST.

Sally. Oh, Tom! I am so glad you came.

Tom. So am I. I shall always protect you.

DANCING DUET.

MR. G. WILD and MISS LEBATT.

(*The duet commences to some lively popular air, with anticipations of matrimonial felicity, when there is a sufficiency of funds to admit of it. Allusions are made to the probability of starting in the coal and potatoe line; and there is a hint thrown out of an infant. At the conclusion of each verse there is a*

dance. *Miss Lebatt places her arms a-kimbo, and Mr. Wild does the same, when they alternately incline towards and recede from each other. Then Mr. Wild*



follows Miss Lebatt, in a lively measure, and with pointed toes, towards the O. P. stage box; and afterwards recedes in the same manner. Then Miss Lebatt permits Mr. Wild to put his arm round her waist, and they whirl rapidly round, finally disappearing at the prompt entrance, amidst unanimous cries of "encore.")

Enter HIGHLOW JACK, mysteriously.

Jack. No one here! (*beckons off.*) You may come, sir.

Enter FOREST.

Forest. The base-born scoundrel, then, has escaped my vengeance; but I'll be even with him yet. Now to business.

Jack. I'm ready for anything.

Forest. My debts must be paid. To-night I shall fire my uncle Lord Noheart's house, and escape with the jewels in the confusion: you will be there?

Jack. Of course.

Forest (walking off). Ha, what do I see? The bailiffs have tracked me; they come.

Jack. To the river: a boat! a boat!

Bill rushes from house.

Bill. Here you are, sir.

(They jump into boat at the pier as the bailiffs enter.)

Forest. To the Lion Brewery! Saved! saved!



Grand Tableau. End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Drawing-room in LORD NOHEART'S house.*

Enter LADY AMELIA SOUTHDOWN.

Lady A. What can detain my Epping! My woman's heart tells me; I love him. Ha! my guardian.

Enter LORD NOHEART.

Lady A. Why so melancholy, my lord?

Lord N. Because I never knew the fate of my first-born child.

Lady A. Your sorrows interest me. What became of him?

Lord N. Listen.

(He draws two chairs to the front; audience dispose themselves to sleep.)

'T is now four-and-twenty years ago—

Lady A. Impossible!

Lord N. But true. She left me in the dead—

Lady A. The dead!

Lord N. Of night.



Lady A. Who!

Lord N. My wife and child—

Lady A. Proceed.

Lord N. (*overcome with grief*) And they returned
no more!

Lady A. Let us retire to rest.

Lord N. Alas! there is no rest for me.



AMELIA rings. Flat candlesticks are brought, and they
retire. Stage dark. Music.

Enter EPPING FOREST and HIGHLOW JACK.

Epping. This is a nasty business.

Jack. Pooh! have some brandy. (*Drinks from a
wicker bottle.*)

Epping. Heaven grant this may be the only pocket
pistol we shall have to use.

Jack. Where's the swag?

Epping. In the chamber of Amelia.

Jack. Here's the congreves—now for the blaze.

They set fire to the house. The conflagration begins in all parts at once, according to custom. Music, shrieks, &c. EPPING FOREST and HIGHLOW rush across the stage with the treasure, and exeunt. Window is thrown up, a ladder is placed against it, and TOM TURNCOCK enters from outside.

Tom. I've turned on all the mains, and now to save the inmates.



A shriek. He rushes off, and returns bearing LADY AMELIA in his arms. He carries her through the window. [Enter LORD NOHEART.

Lord N. My treasure! Where is my treasure? I am ruined. (Rushes out of window after them.)

Enter EPPING FOREST and HIGHLOW.

Epping. See, yonder goes my uncle; let us follow him! quick! (They follow LORD N. out of window.)



Enter SERVANTS carrying various articles.

Servants. This way! this way! to the ladder! They rush out of window after the rest. The whole

scene falls in and discovers a crowd, with the engines working. In front is LADY AMELIA reclining on a feather bed, attended by EPPING.

Amelia. To whom am I indebted for my life.

Epping. To me, dearest.

Lord N. Where is the incendiary?

People (bringing on TOM TURNCOCK). He is here.

Highlow Jack. I saw him come down the ladder immediately after the fire. He's the man.

Tom. I am innocent.

Lord N. Base villain! away with him to the police station.

Epping. Amelia, you are mine. (*Aside*) And the treasure also. My debts are paid.

SALLY enters and throws herself into TOM'S arms.

They tear them asunder. The chimneys fall in.



Tableau. End of Act II.

ACT III.

Magnificent saloon in the country mansion of LORD NOHEART, fitted up for a splendid fête. Grand collation of apples, peaches, and gilt vases, in the middle of the ball-room. LORD NOHEART discovered.

Lord N. What is all this gaudy wealth, when the canker is in the heart—here! here!



Enter HIGHLOW JACK.

Highlow Jack. I know your secret. Give me money.

Lord N. Never—how much?

Highlow Jack. One thousand pounds.

Lord N. I have not got it.

Highlow Jack. Pooh! pooh—the guests arrive.

Lord N. I consent: conceal yourself.

(*Music. Guests arrive, principally ladies, who promenade about by themselves, and admire the backs of the cut scenes, or inspect the audience.*)

Enter LADY AMELIA.

Amelia. Uncle, why this gloom where all is revelry?

Lord N. Some day you will know all.

Amelia. My betrothed is approaching.

Lord N. Then let the dance proceed.

(*Grand divertissement, something between a quadrille and a morris dance. At its conclusion the* HON. EPPING FOREST *enters.*)

Epping (to AMELIA). Let us to the altar.

Highlow Jack (entering). No—you don't.

Epping. How, villain!

Highlow. Ay, villain! who stole the cash box?
(*Consternation of company.*)

Epping. Betrayed!

Enter CHARLES, his friend.

Charles (his friend). A band of ruffians surrounds the house.

Highlow (seizing AMELIA). Then all my wishes are accomplished.



(*He is bearing her off, when he is met by TOM THE TURNCOCK, who knocks him down.*)

Highlow (dying). I deserved it: remorse! water!
Lord Noheart—Tom is—ah! (*dies.*)

Lord N. What do I hear? (*to Tom*) I am sure you must have a locket somewhere.

Tom. I have—look here (*shows locket*).

Lord N. It is—it is the same. You are my long-lost son. (*Embraces him.*)

Tom. Huzza! here's a move. Sally!

Enter SALLY.

Sally. Oh, gimini—what a fine place, and what beautiful company!

Tom. Come to my arms. I've turned on the main with joy.

Lord N. (to EPPING). And this honest heart—my son—you put in prison.

Epping. A life of misery shall atone for this sin. Amelia—we part—for ever!

Tom. No such thing. I'll make everybody happy. *(Joins their hands.)*

Epping. I am reformed.

Amelia. Generous individual!

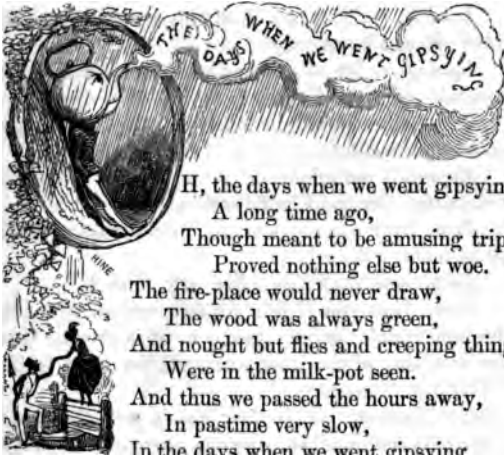
Tom. Open the plugs of the wine-bottles. We'll all be married directly.

Sally. And shall I be a fine lady, Tom?

Tom. That you shall; for the woman who goes through trouble for the man she loves, is prouder than the first lady of the land, although her lover is but "TOM THE TURNCOCK."

(LORD NOHEART unites their hands, and then kisses AMELIA and EPPING. Guests dance another quadrille, and hurrah at its conclusion. Grand tableaux as the curtain falls, and the piece is performed every night until further notice.)





H, the days when we went gipsying,
 A long time ago,
 Though meant to be amusing trips,
 Proved nothing else but woe.
 The fire-place would never draw,
 The wood was always green,
 And nought but flies and creeping things
 Were in the milk-pot seen.
 And thus we passed the hours away,
 In pastime very slow,
 In the days when we went gipsying,
 A long time ago.



The tea was always very bad,
 The water never boiled ;
 We wore the smartest things we had,
 And they were always spoiled.
 And if along the meadows damp
 We felt inclined to roam,
 It usually began to rain
 Before we got safe home.
 And thus we passed the hours away
 In pastime very slow,
 In the days when we went gipsying,
 A long time ago.



We never mean to pay again
A visit to the scene,
And seat ourselves on emmets' nests—
We are not now so green.
We do not love it overmuch,
But when we want our tea,
We 'll take it on a table, where
It always ought to be.
And thus we 'll drink it properly,
Provided 't is not sloe,
Much better than the gipsying
A long time ago !



NEW AND INTERESTING SCHEME.



WITH the hope of doing away for ever with theatrical failures, we have started a company, and earnestly beg that managers will direct their immediate attention to

it. We call it the *Society for Ensuring Dramatic Success*, and the following is an outline of our plan:—

We undertake to provide a number of individuals, to be admitted free into the various parts of the house, on the first nights of performances. Those in the boxes will be suitably attired in dress suits, with cleaned kid gloves; those in the pit in registered paletots, thick-heeled boots (to stamp down opposition with), and with sticks and umbrellas furthermore to overcome all expressions of disapprobation; and those in the gallery will look like mechanics out for a holiday. In fact the Society is, in a great measure, the English translation of the Company long known in Paris as the *Claque*.



The duties of these individuals will be various; *but their nature, and the remuneration required, may be known from the following tariff:*

SCALE OF PRICES.

s. d.



To sitting in the dress-circle in a white neckcloth, and laughing heartily at the points of a comedy, or applauding violently at the poetry of a play; throughout the whole five acts	2	6
To ditto, ditto, at half-price	1	6
To reviving a declining round of popular approbation	0	6
To calling for the principal performer afterwards	0	6
To knowing a theatrical reporter, and trying to influence his notice for the morning papers	5	0
To not knowing a theatrical reporter, except by sight, yet sitting next to him, lending him a pencil, and perpetually observing how good everything is, until he thinks so	2	0
To a thick stick	0	4
To checking an incipient hiss by shouting lustily "Turn those geese out;" and "Shame!"	1	0
To saying "Capital!" "I don't know when I have been so amused!" "Best thing I ever saw!" and similar eulogistic sentences, in a loud tone on coming out of the theatre, and afterwards repeating them at the Albion, Evans's, Café de l'Europe, &c.		

	<i>s. d</i>
To pointing out the jokes and allusions in burlesques to country gentlemen who do not understand what they are seeing	2 (
(N.B.—The charge appears somewhat high, but the labour is very great.)	
To procuring an <i>encore</i> for anything	2 (
To ditto for a ballad by the tenor, on the first night of an opera	5 (
(N.B.—This charge will be defrayed by the music-publisher who has purchased the music.)	
To keeping people from going to sleep, which gives the house an impression that what they are witnessing must be rather dreary	1 6

The above will give managers an idea of the service that may be rendered by an early application to us. Authors will be privately treated with, and a small reduction made in their case.

THE LOVE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

INTRODUCTION.



WHILST all the daily papers teem
with stories of starvation,
The Bishops, Ireland, income-tax,
and general stagnation ;
And each one strives to show the
world how very bad all trade is,
Not one has ventured to take up
the cause of the "young ladies."

Their case they state as desperate—the
young men seem demented,
And with a bachelor's estate are horribly
contented ;
So since this anti-marriage whim now
passes all endurance,

They 've plann'd a ladies' union, to form a *Love Assurance*.
Buy buy, buy buy, buy buy! who'll buy some shares?

AIR.



THE committee have found that the gentlemen's offers
 Are usually ruled by the state of
 their coffers ;
 And though, in rare cases, a few
 pretty girls,
 With naught but their bright eyes and dark silky
 curls,
 Have gone off at once, like a dry Congreve
 match,
 Yet with most of the others the flame will not
 catch ;
 But in spite of all efforts refuses to light,
 Like a Catherine Wheel on a very wet night.



THE rules they have made are drawn
 up with much care,
 And nought is left out that the beaux
 can ensnare !
 They can boast—to o'ercome this sad
 state of affairs—
 A flourishing capital, raised by the
 shares ;

With adequate portions each class to enhance,
 The most desperate spinster may still have a chance,
*As some fierce half-pay captains are settled with pensions,
 To bluster, and ask timid youths their intentions.*



THESE qualifications the *first*
class demands,

Dark eyes, chestnut hair, fig-
ure good, and small hands.

Her features expressive, a bril-
liant complexion—

With a perfect *tournure*—little
feet no objection.

She must waltz, and (of course)
have an exquisite waist,

Sing and play, when she's
asked, with a critical taste.

The suitor in this case must
look for no help,

Such a *belle* "is a fortune, you know, in herself."



LASS *two*—rather plain, both in
figure and face,

But of course "very amiable,"—
always the case.

As attractions are few, and in-
ducements not great,

The portion assigned to *this* class
is *first rate*.

She can play some quadrilles—
they're a rather old set,

And remembers one waltz, from
the air of "We Met;"

And deeming her voice *more* ex-
pressive than strong,

Has been known, with much pressing, to chirp a faint
song.



C *LASS* three—plainer still:
 every plan has essay'd,
 Yet not much inclining to
 die an old maid,
 Is waiting to see how the
 next system acts,
 Of teaching the poor, and distributing
 tracts.
 Her temper “so so”—thinks waltzing
 “not right,”
 But four hundred a-year may some
 suitors invite.

Wears her hair in plain bands tightly pulled round
 her head,
 To look intellectual; the colour is—*auburn*.



HORTICULTURAL fêtes will be
 given in shoals,
 With archery meetings, and
 balls for the Poles.
 In fact, every species of man-
 trap e'er known,
 Will be set, for the use of sub-
 scribers alone.
 Then, fair ones, no longer give
 way to despair,
 But rush to our office, and pur-
 chase a share,
 Or Hymen, a bankrupt, will
 sell off his chains.

And husbands be class'd as organic remains!

NUTS TO CRACK.



WE have a dull friend who occupies himself during his leisure hours in making conundrums. They are remarkable for their simplicity, and peculiarly acceptable to all who do not choose to tax their brains too much with abstrusive queries. We subjoin a few of the most eligible :—

Why is an umbrella like a Mackintosh ?—Because it keeps off the wet.

When is a pane of glass not a pane of glass ?—When it's smashed to pieces.

How is Pennsylvania spelt in two letters ?—Nohow at all.

Why do people go to bed ?—Because they feel tired.

When does a man in a brown coat, with a parcel under his arm, go along Fleet Street at the rate of five miles an hour ?—When he's in a hurry.

When are eggs not eggs ?—When they're an omelette.

What is the difference between live fish and fish alive ?—No difference.

A BOWL OF PUNCH.

We have also an obstinate matter-of-fact acquaintance, who, upon being asked riddles, such for instance as "Why is Westminster Abbey like a fire-place?"



always replies, "Well, but it is 'nt, you know;" and directly begins an argument to show that it is not.

TO GENTLEMEN ABOUT TO VISIT
BOULOGNE.



PROFESSOR Vanille has opened a French class, twice a-week, at his residence, to which he particularly directs the attention of Young England. His mode of teaching is peculiarly adapted to the present style of conversation; and he puts forward the following as specimens:—

A fight	<i>Un moulin.</i>
A brick	<i>Un bon garçon.</i>
A judge	<i>Un bec.</i>
A hack carriage .	<i>Une mouche.</i>
A soldier	<i>Un homard.</i>
Beer	<i>Lourd.</i>
A hat	<i>Une tuile.</i>
A simpleton . . .	<i>Un manchon.</i>
A watch	<i>Un navet.</i>
Money	<i>Les petits clous sans têtes.</i>

Cards of terms and address may be had at the
class-room.

THE SISTER BRIDESMAID.

(A BALLAD.)

THE guests have departed who stood at the shrine,
All but Vavasour Pelham, who 's had too much wine,
And has fallen asleep, on the table, to dream,
Reclining his brow in a dish of pink cream.

The bride from the arms of her mother has flown,
And the bride's only sister sits weeping alone ;
The fair orange blossoms far from her are cast,
That cost ten-and-sixpence the week before last.

Oh ! why does she utter that low wailing sound,
And why is her band thrown away on the ground—
The band of white satin that circled her waist
Where the arm of the false one had often been placed ?

She went to the church with that gay wedding train,
None solaced her sadness or heeded her pain ;
And when she return'd she was ready to drop,
Although at the banquet expected to stop.

But now all is over—her brother's bright dirk
She seizes with frenzy, and swift to the work;
She rips up her stay-lace—her anguish is o'er,
And the heart of the bridesmaid is joyous once more.



UNCLE WHACKEM.

A MODEL FARCE, IN ONE ACT, ARRANGED FOR
THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

CHARACTERS.

Uncle Whackem	. . .	MR. F. MATTHEWS.
Peter Pummel	. . .	MR. BUCKSTONE.
Fred. Fizgig	. . .	MR. C. MATTHEWS.
Grab (<i>a bailiff</i>)	. . .	MR.
Emily Whackem	. . .	MISS HOWARD.
Bustle	. . .	MISS FITZWILLIAM.

SCENE.—*A room in the "BLUE DRAGON."* Bells
ringing violently.



Enter BUSTLE.

Bustle. I'm a coming, I'm a coming. Bless me,
what a dreadful life I do lead here. Hurry skurry,
hurry skurry, all day long. There's nothing left
of me.

Enter FRED. FIZGIG.

Fiz. Ah! my dear! allow me to imprint a kiss upon those ruby lips.

Bustle. Upon my honour he's a very handsome young fellow (*wipes her mouth with her apron*). Law, sir, I don't know what you mean!

[*Joke No. 1, a laugh.*]

Fiz. That's what I mean my love.



(*He kisses her; she runs away, screaming, and bumps against PETER PUMMEL, who enters at that moment.*)

[*Joke No. 2, a safe laugh.*]

Pummel. Halloo! confound that waiting maid, she's taken away my wind. Here I am, just come off the coach.

Fiz. I wonder who that is. I'll address him. Hem!

Pummel. Eh! What's that—Oh! a stranger! Who can he be? ahem!

Fiz. Did you speak, sir?

Pum. I, sir—no, sir—I thought you did, sir.

[*Joke No. 3, a titter.*]

Fiz. Fine day, sir.

Pum. Ye-e-e-s, remarkably fine. (*aside*) What can he want?

Fiz. I think I've had the pleasure of meeting you before.

Pum. Very likely, sir.

Fiz. Your name is—bless me—I quite forget—it is—

Pum. Pummel, sir! Peter Pummel!

Fiz. Ah! so it is. How are you, Pummel, my



boy (*slaps him on the back*); and what brings you here. Anything I can do for you?

Pum. The fact is, I've come here to marry my cousin, Miss Whackem.

Fiz. (*Aside*) Whew! Marry Emily! (*aloud*) I congratulate you, my dear sir. Do you know her?

Pum. No; nor her uncle.

Fiz. (*Aside*) That will do; I can pass for him.

Pum. I'm going to make myself smart. Good-bye, sir.

Fiz. Good-bye, Pummel, my boy. [*Exit PUMMEL.*

Enter EMILY.

Emily. My dear Fred.

Fiz. My dear Emily.

Emily. My uncle is as obdurate as ever.

Fiz. Pummel is here.

Emily. Where?

Fiz. There! (*points.*)

Emily. No! oh!

Fiz. Never mind: leave all to me. Here's somebody coming. Conceal yourself.

(*EMILY hides behind a wing. GRAB enters with a writ.*)

Grab. This is my gentleman (*taps him on the shoulder*). Your name's Fizgig.

Fiz. No, it is n't. Fizgig's in his room. That's the one.

(*PUMMEL enters in smart clothes. GRAB seizes him.*)

Grab. I must trouble you to come with me.

Pum. It's all a mistake.



Grab. No, it is n't. If you resist I shall use force. Come along. (*He drags PUMMEL away.*)

[*Joke No. 4, a roar.*]

Fiz. So—I've got rid of him. Here comes his uncle.

UNCLE WHACKEM enters, looking at his watch.

Whack. This is the time I was to meet my intended son-in-law.

Fiz. That's me (*aside*). My dear sir, how d'ye do—how d'ye do.

(*Shakes hands with him, squeezing him very hard, and shaking a long time.*)

[*Joke No. 5.*]

Whack. Mr. Pummel, glad to see you. I've got a secret.

Fiz. I'm all attention.

Whack. My daughter's in love with a scamp. expect him here. You must marry her immediately.

Fiz. I shall be delighted.

EMILY enters from wing.

Whack. Why, Emily, where did you come from?

Emily. I followed you, papa.

Whack. This is Mr. Pummel—you must be married directly.

Emily. Oh—papa—so soon.

Whack. Nonsense—go along and get married directly. [*They exit*]

PUMMEL enters out of breath, and running.

Pum. So I've got away. I won't come here again, as sure as my name's Peter Pummel.

Whack. What do I hear! who are you?

Pum. Peter Pummel. I've just been taken up for the wrong man—that scoundrel Fizgig.

Whack. What! is he here?

Pum. Yes—in red check trousers.

Whack. He's gone to marry Emily.



Pum. Oh! (*faints.*)

[*Joke No. 6.*]



Enter EMILY and FIZGIG, having been married in the interval. hey kneel.

Emily. Forgive us, papa.

Fiz. Yes, please forgive us, and we won't do so any more.

Pum. And what am I to do?

Fiz. (Aside) Hush—I'll make your fortune.

Whack. Well, you rogue, I'll forgive you (*comes forward*), and I hope, in return, our kind friends here will not be offended with Uncle Whackem.

(Curtain falls to great applause.)



OUR CONDENSED MAGAZINE.



OUR conviction has long been that everything curtailing space or time is in the ascendant. Cunning cooks condense many tureens of soup into one small pill-box; railways shorten journeys to imperceptible distances; jokes, which would formerly have elaborated into a dozen volumes, are collected into one of our numbers; in fact, high-pressure condensation is everywhere the rage. As such we announce our intended magazine; which will contain numerous continuous papers and light articles, of which we give *specimens*; together with an attempt to depict the *state of the mind* enjoyed by the reader when he has *finished them*.

THE CONDENSED MAGAZINE.—No. 1.

April 1, 1848.

Price 1s.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ANTHONY FLY
LEAF.—CHAPTER V.

THE RAMSHOODRA. From "MOMENTS IN MADRAS."
THE FIRST OF THE PONGOWONKEES.

CAPTAIN PIKE; or, The LEE SHORE.

DE COURCY. A Fashionable Novel.

RANTWELLIANA; or, ANECDOTES OF W. J. RANTWELL,
COMEDIAN.

MAGNUM OF BURGUNDY. A Romance of the Fronde.

THE MISER'S NIECE.

LONDON:

BOGUE, FLEET STREET.

I.—LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ANTHONY FLYLEAF.

CHAPTER V.—OF THE MANNER IN WHICH ANTHONY
STARTED AND ARRIVED.

A comical carriage was the one which now came up to the door to take Anthony on his journey. It was not a gig, nor a waggon, nor a van, nor a baker's barrow, but something between them all—an old fellow, who was the oldest inhabitant of the old shed wherein it had lived, or rather decayed, ever since the farm was built; and it now came creaking and wheezing up to the door as though it appealed to everybody whether it was not a shame to send it upon *such an expedition*. And when they stepped up, it

gave a sulky grunt, that showed it had made up its springs to be uncomfortable for the day.

"Good-bye, mother," said Anthony, whilst Bob Tacks tried to make the old mare look as though she were quite gay and restive.

Anthony said this gladly. But his heart was very full, and when he turned his head away, it was not altogether to watch the ducks, who were marching in grave order to the pond.

(*To be continued.*)

II.—THE RAMSHOODRA. FROM "MINUTES IN MADRAS."

"*Burrow sahib*" (master), said one of my *dandies* (boatmen), as he handed me my *chatter* (a large umbrella) as I left Jaggerbedam.

Being anxious to meet Rusty Khan before the monsoon, I took the umbrella ; and ordering one of my kitmudtgars to attend me, I started off in the jungle, with my ghee in a kidgeree pot.

I had heard the Ramshoodra was at Bumbleabad, and resolved to overtake him : I therefore got a *budge-row* (a travelling barge), and, after my tiffin, left the jungle for the nearest *ghaut* (landing place), which was at the end of some paddy fields. We had a pleasant journey ; but on arriving at Bumbleabad I found the object of my trip had quitted that place the day before. I was received by the *munchee* (interpreter), of whom I inquired where he was gone? He replied "*Bungee ramsuds*" (he has cut his stick).

I never went near Bumbleabad again.

(*To be continued.*)

III.—THE FIRST OF THE PONGOWONKEES.

(Pertaining to the flight of a party of dishonest Red Men from Catlin's Museum of North American Indians.)

The path over Primrose Hill, which had gradually become less distinct in the approaching darkness, now appeared to stop altogether in a tangled maze of fern and brushwood, which stretched in the direction of Wormwood Scrubs. Now and then the light of the moon fell for a few seconds on the thicket before them, but was quickly withdrawn again, as a few dark clouds, chased by the wind in fitful succession, passed over her face.

As they proceeded, in silence, the Indian keeping his dark eye fixed on the ground, the report of a gun was heard in the distance, prolonged in ringing echoes round the hill, and a bird, which Corduroy Leggings pronounced to be a crow, flew screaming away, until it was lost in the distance.

"That's the crack of a rifle," exclaimed the Scamp. "It's the natur' of them infarnal Mingoes to be at their old games in the warrens. The Delaware takes more time to aim, and uses less powder. What say you, Catchhookpipe?"

"The Mingo is not loved by the Great Spirit," replied the old man. "His mocassins are without shells, and his wampum is not strong. He drinks the firewater of Hodges, and the thunder of the pale-faces, Pigou and Wilks, kills him."

"They have passed by here, however," exclaimed Corduroy Leggings. "There is the impression of a

tipped highlow on that mole-hill. The trail is too marked to be of more than six hours' standing."

The Indian bent his keen eye in the direction indicated by the Scamp, and muttering his usual subdued "Hugh!" picked up a small cylinder of crockery.

"The Huron chooses the naked weed," he exclaimed, "and is not this a short pipe! He is a great medicine, and his scalps are as the sea-sand."

"Here is a part of the tobacco-screw," cried the Scamp. "What does it say, chief?"

Catchhookpipe took the bit of paper, and inspected it in the moonlight with a searching glance.

"The seller of the leaf speaks in parables," he replied, "and the Mohican knows not their meaning. What is the difference between fish alive and live fish? Has my brother a name?"

"The Mingoes," replied the Scamp, "call me Corduroy Leggings; the Delawares term me *Le Rusé Navet*; but on the line I am called the Artful Navvy, or navigator."

"The navigator takes to the deep waters and the floating houses of the pale-faces; and this is an iron road. Where is my brother's canoe? Has he sold it to the Hurons, or is it up the spout of the Whiteskins?"

"He has reason," thought the Scamp. "It is neither, chief," he continued, speaking in the Delaware idiom. "Is not the medicine-store of Catlin in the *Egyptian Hall*? and hath he not the canoe?"

"My brother has still his rifle," remarked the Indian.

"Aye, I have," replied the Scamp, affectionately regarding the piece. "Killcat has proved himself a good friend—but silence; we are approaching the deep recesses of St. John's Wood."

(To be continued.)

IV.—CAPTAIN PIKE.

THE CHASE.

As darkness came on the interest of the party on board the cutter proportionately increased. All were so much occupied with their own reflections to enter into any conversation, and the silence that prevailed was broken only by the dash of the heavy waves as they divided upon the bows of the vessel, or a subdued exclamation as the chace rose on the distant swell, and showed the light tracery of her elegant rigging in distinct outline against the lurid belt of light that stretched along the horizon.

"Speak to her again, Trip," said Lanyard, who was watching the schooner with intense anxiety.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate.

In another instant he pointed the swivel and sent its iron messenger across the space of foaming waters between them and the object of their pursuit.

"They will hear that's a brass gun by the ring, if they have any ears for such music," said Lanyard, leaping from the capstan. "Now we shall see what they are made of."

(To be continued.)

V.—DE COURCY.

CHAPTER IX.

The season finished, and with the other delicate annuals of Curzon Street, De Courcy sought the blue and sunny Italy. He was strolling one morning through the costly galleries of the Palazzo Pitti, at Florence, when Vavasour suddenly stood before him.

"You here?" exclaimed De Courcy.

"You see me," said the gay Vavasour, grasping the hand of his friend. "Where are you staying?"

"At the Albergho d'Inghilterra—and you?"

"Out of the town—the Palazzo Bruciatto, near the Porta san Gallo; it is an excellent house, although rather too warm for summer. Do you like Florence?"

"*Passablement*: the paved streets are pleasant for travellers, but bad for the horses. What brings you here?"

"Lady Harriett. She is staying near Fiesolè."

"Indeed!" said De Courcy; "we will pay our respects together then."

And taking his friend's arm they entered the Café Strozzi.

(*To be continued.*)

VI.—RANTWELLIANA;

OR, ANECDOTES OF W. J. RANTWELL, COMEDIAN.—(*Continued.*)

One night at Bath, when the treasury ran very low, Rantwell whispered to Briggs, who was then forming Sir Peter Teazle, that although it was with

there did not appear a prospect of getting much *salary* that week. Singularly enough, the tragedy of *De Montfort* was played in the following week.

On April 2, 1804, Rantwell, having suffered for some weeks from nettle-rash, played *Sir Francis Wronghead*. On the following day he wrote to the manager, Mr. Praps, as follows:—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I am sorry I was not at home this morning when you called; but if you will favour me with another call to-morrow at the same hour, I shall be at your service.

“Yours, very truly, “W. J. R.”

This is a remarkable instance of the minute attention to business which characterizes all Rantwell's transactions.

(*To be continued.*)

VII.—MAGNUM OF BURGUNDY.

A ROMANCE OF THE FRONDE.

Dear Reader! do you know that part of *la belle France* where nature seems to have collected all her stores of loveliness from the other provinces to adorn the favoured one,—where the luxuriant vineyards climb up the steepest declivities, projecting their long swinging branches from the summit of the rocks, or form their beauteous festoons from tree to tree, as they twine their tendrils round the spray? Do you know that bright *land where the blue and sparkling Loire, reflecting the*

hue of the unclouded sky above, murmurs in its gentle course through the green plains and thick woods that adorn its banks,—where the choicest fruit trees spring up in the centre of the fields of golden maize, and every bush echoes with most melodious feathered minstrelsy, and every heart partakes of the influence of this gay and joyous climate? If so, you will agree that there are few spots which equal in soft beauty and picturesque scenery the sunny region of merry Tourainè.

Two hundred and sixty-eight years ago (which by a fair calculation will bring us back to the year of grace 1580), the rich tract of land which stretches eastward from Tours, between the Loire and its tributary the Cher, was even more lovely in verdant detail than at this present time. It had not been subdivided for cultivation, but was entirely covered with bosquets of small trees and wild flowers, except where the primitive bridle-road had gradually encroached into a *grande route*, rough and uneven to be sure, and barely practicable for the lightest carriages, yet still sufficiently marked to indicate that it conducted to some place of higher importance than the numerous small villages which lay scattered on the face of the surrounding country. Every crag and eminence on the hills in the distance was marked by its chateau, or stronghold, some of whose ruins are still extant; and on either side it was bordered by a thick belt of foliage, that cast a deep shade, where the broad corn-fields now crackle and ripen in the noontide sun.

It was the month of August. The trees were flourishing in all the luxuriance of summer, except that

their green leaves had taken a somewhat deeper tint ; and the blush of the grape was assuming a more purple dye, when two horsemen slowly wended their way along



the green and flowery path that skirted the right bank of the Loire, in its course from Tours to Amboise. For a while they continued their route in silence. Little broke the stillness that reigned around, except the deep hum of the bees from the floating apiaries that glided slowly along the river, or the mellow and subdued sound of the cattle-bells as they fell softly on the ear from the distance.

G. P. R. J.

(To be continued.)

VIII.—THE MISER'S NIECE.

CHAPTER THE .—PEERLESS POND. UNCLE TRUSSELL'S
INTERVIEW WITH HIS NEPHEW.

Peerless Pond, whither Trussell now bent his steps, was a piece of water, nearly on the site of the present bath, three hundred and ninety feet long, ninety-three feet broad, and eleven feet deep, stocked with carp, tench, and a great variety of the finny tribe, wherein subscribers had the privilege to angle. On each side was a high slope or bank, with numbers of verdant trees, terminated at the top by a gravel walk between stately limes; and at the head of the fishpond, westward, stood a handsome old country squire-like building, which looked on the water, and wherein all sorts of luxuries were dispensed to the guests.

As it was not improbable that he might fall in with Lady Brabazon and Clementina, Trussell, at all times particular, had paid a little extra attention to his toilet. He had put on a fine flowing Ramillies periwig, of a light blue tint, together with a yellow velvet coat, a flowered green satin vest worked with gold thread, scarlet silk breeches, and ruffles of exquisite texture. A cravat of point lace, dyed orange, was round his neck. In his hand he carried a clouded cane with a tassel of faded bell-pull. In his shoes were buckles of different-coloured paste; and his hose were of the hue known at that day as dandy-grey-russet. A silver-hilted sword, inlaid with gold, in a sheath of leather bound with brass and studded with steel, hung at his side; and a three-cornered *hat, edged with feathers of various hues, completed his attire.*

On arriving at Peerless Pond, he entered the house, and was sorry to see Jacob Post in conference with Randolph. They were seated at a table on which was spread a very excellent repast. There was a magnificent pasty of goat's-eyes—then esteemed a great rarity, and some cutlets of mutton from Highgate Downs, served with piquant sauce. A cold heron, which had been roasted whole, was placed near these dishes, and flanked by a large flagon of St. Luke's ale, to which Jacob paid frequent devoirs. Pieces of brown bread were placed before each guest, and salt-cellars at the corners of the table. On the sideboard was a fricasee of Italian greyhound, and a dish of potted owl, as well as a salad of rose-leaves and native oysters.

The reader having come to the conclusion of the Magazine, lays it down, much delighted with its contents, and highly pleased with periodical literature generally, from its charming variety. And when he begins to reflect upon what he has read, he pictures Anthony Flyleaf starting in the *budgerow* to pursue the Hurons with Catchhookpipe; whilst Lanyard on board the cutter is sailing up the Via della Scala, at Florence, with Rantwell spinning yarns to the two men-at-arms of the middle ages who have taken Trussell a prisoner. And finally, the whole of the characters join hands and dance round the bewildered reader in one never-ending and entangled whirl, until his brain reels, and his ideas finally involve themselves in a knot of elaborate and inexplicable confusion.

A FLIRTATION IN THE WINDOW.

A BUFFO TRIO OF LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

MAMMA. Thank goodness ! here we are at last. I
thought we should be late ;
The Lord Mayor will go by at three ; we 've
not got long to wait.

Well, here 's the shop—bless me ! I see we
shan't be by ourselves,
The window has been cleared, and now is
fitted up with shelves.

ELLEN. What famous seats !

MAMMA. My love, they cost me half-a-crown a-piece.
They ought to be.

ELLEN. What crowding—and what oceans of police !
My gracious ! there is—

MAMMA. Who, my love ?

ELLEN. Oh, no ! I find I 'm wrong.

(*aside*) He sees me, and he 's coming. *Now* the time
will not be long.

PERCY. (*enters the seats.*) My dearest Ellen !

ELLEN. Be advised : keep still now, Percy, pray !
For if mamma should know it, she will be in
such a way !

PERCY. She met me only once, you know, at Mrs
Saville's ball.

(*aloud*) I do not incommode you, ma'am ?

MAMMA. (*politely*) Oh no, sir—not at all.

- ELLEN. You got my note all safe, last night ?
- PERCY. Of course I got it, dear.
For if it had not come to hand, I should not have been here.
- ELLEN. Leave go my hand—now, Percy do ; this really is not kind.
I 'm sure the folks will see us, who are sitting up behind.
- MAMMA. My love, how you are fidgetting ; pray what is it that 's wrong ?
- ELLEN. My foot 's got pins and needles, ma, from sitting here so long.
- MAMMA. Well, never mind,—it 's three o'clock,—and see, here comes the sun !
- ELLEN. How quick the time goes—three o'clock ?—I did not think 'twas one.
- MAMMA. Look, here they come—the ancient knights—the guards are making room,
And each one is attended by a squire and a groom.
Ellen, my dear, you 're losing all, now pay attention, pray.
- ELLEN. I do, mamma.
- MAMMA. Your head, my love, was turn'd another way.
- PERCY. Then I may hope ?
- ELLEN. Yes—no—oh dear ! how can you go on so ?
- MAMMA. Ellen, is that *the* Mr. Moon ?
- ELLEN. I 'm sure, ma, I do n't know.
- MAMMA. But read the list and see.
- ELLEN. Mamma, it 's underneath the seat.
- PERCY. I 'll stoop and get it.

MAMMA.

Thank you, sir.

PERCY. (*Aside to Ellen*) What very pretty feet.

ELLEN. Well, the idea ! I never, sir : what will you say, pray, next !

Besides, I 'm sure they hear you.

PERCY. Come now, Ellen, do n't be vexed.

Give me your hand.

ELLEN. I won't, indeed.

PERCY. (*Takes it.*) Not give your hand to *me* ?

Now hide it, love, with your *visite*. So. Not a soul can see.



MAMMA. Here comes the Mayor! and there's the coach!
look, Ellen, at them all.

How well he looks—I must stand up—and
how the people bawl!

PERCY. There's no one looking—Ellen!—please—
with you thus by my side,
I care not for the coach, nor Mayor, nor all
the world beside.

MAMMA. The ceremony's over, and they're going to
dine at last.

Well, I, for one, am very glad this fagging
day is past.

ELLEN. And I am very sorry.

PERCY. Let me see you from the door.

MAMMA. We thank you, sir. (to ELLEN) I ne'er met
such a nice young man before.

AN ACT

For Amending the Conduct of certain Individual encountered publicly and in society, and known as "Funny Fellows," "Wags," "Comica Chaps," and like offensive names.

Whereas it has been the custom, for some time past, since comic literature and burlesque has been in the ascendant, for different persons in various situation of life to set up for humourists, to the great annoyance of everybody they encounter, in the mistaken idea that they are entertaining :

And whereas this evil has lately increased, is increasing, and will increase amongst all ranks, and more especially amongst government office clerks, who having fired off their bad jokes at one another all day from lack of employment of any other kind, get into such a rampant state of witticism, that upon leaving the office for their dinner, they commence making them all over again to those contiguous, and finally say them out loud at half-price in the boxes :

And whereas, in illustration of this fact, it has been proved upon committee, that not long since several of these Gentlemen, who may with more propriety be considered as Gents, came at half-price into the Adelphi, and directly began joking in audible tones

One said he hoped Miss *Woolgar* would never become *wulgar*, and another that *Wright* was never *wrong*, with other equally unseemly, personal, and painful attempts to be witty :

May it therefore please your Majesty that it be enacted ; ~~And be it enacted~~, That henceforth all persons trying to be funny in public be compelled to take out a license to that effect.

~~And be it further enacted~~, That every one intending to take out the aforesaid license, shall be bound by the legislature to make six jokes before a sitting magistrate, who, if he judge them of sufficient merit, shall give the applicant a license as a public joker.

~~And be it further enacted~~, That such license may be withdrawn in the event of serious degeneracy ; and that any person uttering a joke which is not asked for, with a loud voice, and in any public assembly, without producing a license when requested, shall be fined six original puns ; and that in the event of his inability to pay this fine, he be treated as a common impostor, and punished accordingly.

~~And be it further enacted~~, That any person uttering a Joe Miller under false pretences, be punished in the same manner as a " smasher," or circulator of false coin ; that his edition of the above celebrated work be forfeited to the crown, and that he be compelled to witness twelve representations of a legitimate revival in five acts, to teach him to respect antiquity.

~~And be it further enacted~~, That any gentleman of a joyous disposition snuffing the candles, and then

saying it is to throw a little light upon the subject, be at once outlawed from the house, and never allowed to enter it again until he has written a conundrum good enough to print ; and that the same punishment shall apply to any jokes made at table, under the shelter of the words " tongue," " rum," and " calf 's head." "

And be it further enacted, That for charitable purposes, an institution called the Joker's Asylum be founded from the aforesaid fines, for affording comical relief to decayed wits, worn-out punsters, infirm jokers, and destitute *bon-motists*, who may be incapable of raising a laugh after dinner, either from natural dullness, or the constant reading of the *Standard* newspaper. And that to procure admission to this asylum, the destitute wag shall produce a testimonial, signed by six householders, that he has been known to make three consecutive jokes in company, at which nobody laughed, and that three applications for election be permitted ; but that, after these, if still unsuccessful, he be furnished with recommendations to any respectable undertaker requiring a mute of sufficiently dreary appearance to do credit to his establishment. But that no application at all be permitted if, in the first instance, he be not furnished with a license, as above described. And that in further support of the above asylum voluntary subscriptions be received from known wits, of any spare comicalities they may have at disposal ; and that these be kept for six months, and then be disposed of in lots, of not less than a dozen each, to editors of funny periodicals, and distressed comic dramatic authors.

In addition to the above clauses, one is being framed relative to the uttering of bad foreign jokes, which in the superior circles is equally annoying. To remedy the evil, the Society of Dramatic Authors have been applied to to select from their body such gentlemen as are most conversant with the light literature of Paris, and these will be engaged at the Custom-house to stop and examine all jokes as they land, and the really indifferent ones will be subject to such a duty as will be tantamount to not landing at all. It is a mistake for would-be wits to imagine that each passenger may bring over one bottle of brandy which has been opened, and one joke which has been uttered, without paying duty. Neither is now permitted ; and therefore, as we address ourselves particularly to the moving masses, we beg to inform the Folkestone and Boulogne, or Dover and Ostend travellers, that such smuggling will in future lay them open to the infliction of a most uncomfortable penalty.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

[Livy relates, what is in all probability a tremendous "romance," that in the year 362, B.C., a vast chasm opened in the Forum at Rome, which the oracle pronounced could only be closed when the most precious things in Rome had been pitched into it. Marcus Curtius, crying out that nothing was more precious than arms or valour, galloped into the gulf, which directly shut up.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of this poem, he must imagine himself a plebeian standing in the Forum.]

There's tumult in the Forum, and each heart with dread is sinking
The pale plebeians palsied stand, or cut about like winking.



The Prætor on the justice-seat is thinking about flight,
And every hair upon his wig is standing bolt upright;
With corns tight pinched by highlows, from his feet he tries to
tear 'em,
(Or rather might have done so, but the Romans didn't wear 'em.)



Sartorius, the tailor, quits his shop, and leaves a while
His Roman "Gents' New Togas"—ready-made, the latest style,
And joins a few Quirites now assembling in dismay,
Who prove by their loud wailings that there is old Dis to pay.

"What—what 's therow?" a Tribune asks. Some subterraneous shake
Has split the centre of the earth, and caused a mighty quake.
Before the incensed Oracle a priest its warning bides,
White to the gaze as cygnet's plume—as downy, too, besides.
For since the March of Intellect, the merest dolt believes
Those Flamens of the Oracles were nought but thund'ring thieves ;
A first-rate pack of artful cards, who, when they chose to play,
Dealt out the honours where they chose—shuffled, and cut away.
"Stop all your jaws," the soothsayer cries, "this gulf will never close
Until within it are entomb'd the rarest things Rome knows ;
Seek them forthwith, nor waste your time in vain and useless fear,
And see no rubbish be pick'd out—it may not be shot here."



Then up sprang Marcus Curtius, and thus spoke. "My bricks don't funk

At what I'm going to say—I am not either mad or drunk.
But don't you know how bravery, with trusty arms combin'd,
Must be the things most precious that amongst us you can find.
I think no small beer of myself, which you may plainly see,
Give me a horse—not worth too much—and leave the rest to me."
Forthwith he vaulted on his steed—a sorry sort of knock,
Because the owner felt convinced he ne'er should see it back.
And spur and whip he plied to reach the borders of the pit,
But thence the horse refused to budge an atom—deuce a bit!

The Lictors lick'd him with their sticks—by Romans *fascēs* call'd—
And rattled potsherds in his ears, and cried "Gee! gee!" and
bawl'd—

The Tribunes pushed his haunches, and a crowd of little boys,
Bearing *amphoræ* fill'd with stones, kick'd up a mighty noise.
At length, when both the man and horse were scar'd at such a din,
All of a heap, head-over-heels, they straightway bundled in;
And scarcely had they disappeared, when, as the stories say,
The gulph closed up, like sliding-traps you witness at the play.
Then long live all this company—and Curtius long live he,
And when another leap takes place, may I be there to see,
And on it write another lay, wherever it may be.





OF DR. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON travelling with Boswell in the Highlands, was overtaken by one of the sudden storms usual in these districts, and forced to put up at a miserable inn, when the following conversation took place:—

BOSWELL. This is a poor place.

JOHNSON. Sir, it is not Fleet Street.

BOSWELL (*to see what he would say*). I wonder what the time is.

JOHNSON (*evidently annoyed at the question, which ran him rather too hard*). Sir, the time is after two.

Here Boswell confesses that he was glad to drop the conversation, finding that he was evidently getting the worst of it.

A poor author once took Johnson his work in MS. for the doctor's opinion, who read it very carefully,

and then said, "Sir, your work reminds me of the remark made by the child who, being whipped with a rod for affirming that anchovies could play the trombone, said they could not put French beans to music for all that! Sir, if you are wise, you will not publish it under such circumstances."

One evening, at a tea-party at Mrs. Thrale's, the conversation turned upon acting. Boswell, to draw Johnson out, said "he thought that Mr. Garrick always did things by halves." "Sir," observed Johnson, "that is when he plays in two pieces." Then, recollecting himself, and angry at being caught, he said, "That is a vile pun. Sir, the honour of the man who would make such a pun knowingly would be all string and oatmeal." On this being told to Garrick, he remarked, in his usual forcible manner, "That's all very well; but Shakspeare himself took pepper with his oysters." Johnson came to hear of this again, and it was some time before the breach was made up.

COMICOGRAPHY;

OR, THE HISTORY OF HUMOROUS WRITING.



JOKEWRIGHTS, or Wags as they are occasionally called, have always held a high place in the literature of the country. As long ago as the palmy days of Pompeii, there are proofs that an able editor only was wanting to start a Greek comic periodical with much effect: as the cartoons on the walls exhibit. These were political jokes, warranted two thousand years hence to be quite as fresh as at present. The Latins also boasted of several classical wags; although the point of their epigrams is sometimes difficult to discover. Our business is, however, more especially with our own language: and we will first speak of

THE EARLY ENGLISH, OR CHAUCERIAN STYLE.



CHAUCER flourished—a rare thing for poets to do at all times—towards the end of the fifteenth century. In his time it was considered a piece of exquisite humour to play off allusions to the church, and those belonging to it. And on sport of this kind *they would write a bit of fun as follows:—*

“ With hym ther was ye Dene of Westministere,
 That hadde ye olde worlde monsters maken clere,
 And wold wel talke of byegone bestes of myghte,
 And swymminge snakys ichtyosauri hight.
 He cold wel showe ye forme of fish uncouthē,
 And mammothe eke, dydde hee but see a toothe,
 And also was hee a right pious manne
 And goodlie, ere hee to be Dene beganne,
 And didde ye Deluge knowe and eke Noah,
 From writ as welle as from his fossille store,
 And ever were hee wente was ryght wellcom.”

THE ELIZABETHAN STYLE

We may next take, in historical progression. This is an important era, as a book of smart sayings made its appearance about this time. It is called “a hundred merie talys:” and contains jokes of wondrous point, from which we select the following:—

“ A litel geste of Sir W. Raulighe.



W. RAULIGHE, being knav-
 ishly inclyned, did come
 to be drunken of pale ayle
 betymes, near unto Nel-
 son his pillar which was
 in progress. Ho (sayde
 the watch) where gost
 thou: Marry (saies Rau-
 lighe) I cannot telle:
 whereat they did take
 him to Bowe St. Harkee

friend (cryed Walter) sayde I nott I knew not where

I went? And so the Tippstaves laught at his readie wit and did release him. Wich I have heard accredited by an honeste gentleman."

From this, a few leaves of the chronicles being turned over, we arrive at

THE STEWART STYLE,



PREVALENT and vastly popular about the latter end of the seventeenth century. This school was of an agreeable conceit, as will be seen. We take the following from *Pepys's Diary*:—

"November 5.—To-day I did wear my wrapper of sad coloured Tweed, pleasant to behold; wherein my wife sayde I looked marvellously well. I did don my gossamer hat with the black band, and my new pourpoint of Corazza. And thus I did go gravely to the Mall, where Will Mercer did challenge me to play at odd man. I did win vjd., which made great sport."

In addition to this, from the Memoirs of the Anglo-Gallic Grammont, *alias* Hamilton—a great wag of his time, which was no mean distinction where everybody was wearing himself to death to say something clever, and there were no comic periodicals to fire the train of their intellects like the spark of Armstrong's Electric Machine, through wooden shavings—we extract another joke of this comic period.

“ La belle Jennings, ayant appris que le Roi devait dîner de *white-bait*, avec la Duchesse de Cleveland, à Greenwich, se mit dans la tête de les y joindre en costume de débardeur. Pour cela elle vint chez moi, me demander comment elle irait. Je lui dis de prendre le chemin de fer, et qu’elle arriverait plus tôt que par les bateaux à vapeur de *Waterman*. Elle suivit mon conseil, et les trouva à l’hôtel Trafalgar. La Castlemaine s’est fâchée tout rouge; mais le Roi dit, en souriant, ‘C’est plutôt par gourmandise que par amour, que Jennings est venue.’ L’histoire fut racontée à la Cour; on en rit beaucoup, et la Jennings fut appelée depuis *La belle gourmande*. ”

From the ninth volume of the *Spectator*, which was never published, we extract the following light article, which appears to have reference to some character well known about town at the period :—

No. 636.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1715.

“ Ubi cumque Gentium.”—CIC.

“ Go where you will a gent you ’re sure to meet.”—OURSELVES.

CYNTHIO is an individual whose physiognomy is familiar to all the taverns and playhouses of the metropolis. He affects the airs of a fine gentleman, as well as the dress, but has not the semblance of either in reality. Slang and witless noise is better understood by him than good English or politeness. His pretensions to distinction are small, but yet he bears himself as if the whole place belonged to him.

As the varieties of curs are distinguished by their paws, so is CYNTHIO usually recognised by his hands:

the coarseness of which no means short of gloves will disguise. He smokes in public resorts; and would on no account quit the play without lighting a cheroot by the last gas-light on the stairs; nor in this does he demand the permission of the other visitors. The ring and turf are to him matters of the deepest moment; and he talks, in company, of fighting-men and horses as the most important topics. He also has language of his own—the appeasement of thirst he calls “a drain;” with him, anything super-excellent is “stunning;” an approximation to the prevailing style in the fashion of a garment, he denominates “the cheese;” and with him “a party” does not signify more than one. He is particular in strangely cut coats of stranger fabric, which he dignifies by aristocratic names; and when he walks abroad in them, in fashionable places, he affects to be doing what he expresses by a word synonymous with the gradual extension of bulk. But although my friend Will Honeycomb is particular in dress, he does not know the names of the coats in question; and yet we consider him as the finer gentleman of the two, as from polite manners he certainly must be.

We now come to the age of those jocular pocket-books and magazines which contained all that was comical at that period.

We have now before us—

THE LADIES OWN MEMORANDUM BOOK,

Or, Daily Pocket Journal for the year 1768, being *Bissextile*, or Leap Year; and the 17th of the New

Style now used in Great Britain. The latter phrase is no longer used commonly. The "Gent's New Style" is the only one popularly known; and generally refers to boots and ties, instead of years and calendars.

This is a most diverting miscellany, which, at the present day, would have run us hard, both in illustrations and writing. We extract the following from twenty-four

NEW COUNTRY DANCES,

as danced at Bath, and other polite resorts.

The Walbrook Folly.

First man casts up one, and carries on one to the bottom of the figure.

Then crosses over, comes back, up the middle and down again.

Casts up again, and then hands round—no receipt.

Lord Brougham's Favourite.

First man foots it, and changes his side.

Foots it, and comes to his own side again.

Sets to contrary corners, and turns.

Four-sided reel.

After this there follows "*Fares and rates for Chairs by the time*;" but as there are few chairs now in London, except in St. James's Park, and the rate by the time is a halfpenny for as long as you like, there is no need to quote them. And then we come to the

FAVORITE NEW SONGS,

sung this year at Ranelagh House, Vaux-Hall, and

larybone Gardens, and other polite Concerts, both public and private.

BALLAD.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley. Set by Mr. Potter.

I.

My Jockey is the blithest gent
 That ever Chloe woo'd ;
 When he appears I am content,
 Because he's never rude :
 He brings his pipe, when in the grove
 We trip the turf along ;
 And then he lights it, as we rove
 And pass the time in song.
 With a fal lal la, with a fal lal la.

II.

A party told me t'other day,
 Who knew my Jockey well,
 That he should say that come next May—
 But that I shall not tell ;
 He buys me ribbons for my hair,
 Can I refuse to be
 The maid with whom my Jockey rare
 Shall now keep company ?
 With a fal lal la, with a fal lal la.

nd at the end of these a wag of the day puts forth an

EPIGRAM.

I gave—'t was but the other day—
 Phillis a ticket for the play—

'T is love such tricks imparts—

(From this we should conceive that presenting a lady with an order was considered a curious practice joke in 1767.)

When holding up the card to me,
 She laughing said, "Your emblem see,"
 And show'd the knave of hearts;
 Amaz'd, I cried, "What means my fair?
 Colin will neither steal nor swear;
 Your words, I pray, define!"
 She smil'd, and said, "Nay, never start;
 He's sure a knave that steals a heart,
 And, Colin, you have mine."

Before we dismiss the "Ladies' Own," we turn the enigmatical pages, which have some very jocund Enigmas, the most favourite being "Names of places in Somersetshire," "Names of young ladies in Hi Wycombe," &c., with their answers; and also the solutions of dummy correspondents who sent in wrong ones. We extract the

Names of Ladies at the Theatres.

1. Part of a mountain in the Highlands, and a thing used to catch fish.
2. What belongs to a sheep, and half a no order.
3. The bottom of a ship, and half your eyes.
4. To number up a vowel, and the relation your father bears to his.
5. The edges of England, and a shallow river.
6. A direction for the clouds to indulge in a show

Then the following year some high jokers send in a
Poetical Answer to the Theatrical Ladies,

BY NOSNIBOR.

Whilst *Rainforth's* fine voice we admire, 6
 And bright *Laura Addison* prize, 4
 Of *Keeley* we never can tire, 3
 Nor even of *Clifford*—"them eyes!" 5

To all of the theatres I've been,
 But this I can say, even now,
 That very few charmers I've seen
 Like *Woolgar* or *Bennett*, I vow. 2, 1.

Nosnibor (it was a joke to spell names backwards in 1768) gets a prize, and then the editor says:—"Peckhamensis makes No. 2, 'Trotterba,' but is right in the others; but *Robin Roughhead* makes No. 5 'Shorewandle,' but does not answer 1, 3, and 4 at all."

And this was the style in which our grandmothers took great delight.

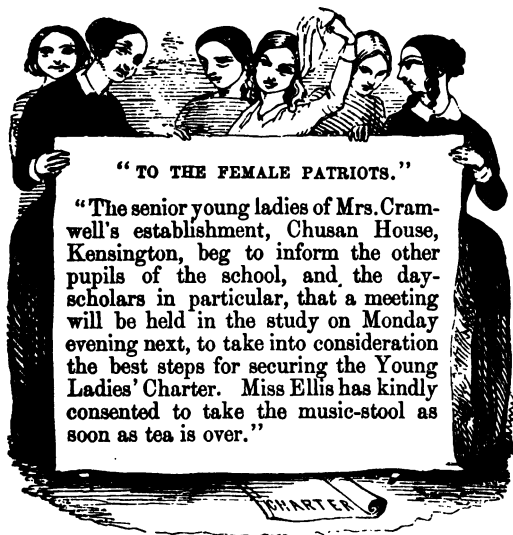
THE YOUNG LADIES' CHARTER.



REALLY it is most gratif
to see woman quitting
domestic sphere, for w
she is so ill calculated,
breaking forth into her
element—the excitement
turmoil of public life.
spirit just promulgated by
Female Chartists of this g
metropolis has spread far
wide ; and it is our plea

task to report one of the most interesting meet
yet held.

The following notice, of which several copies
distributed, neatly written in a semi-invisible ang
album hand upon satin and scented paper, is the
document relative to this important association
we can lay before the public.



The evening in question had been fixed upon from the Association having learned that Mrs. Cramwell would be away from home that night until ten o'clock at the Hammersmith Literary Institution, where her drawing-master was about to delight the audience with a lecture on Perspective for the Ten Thousand Million. None of the young ladies were permitted to attend, in consequence of some little confusion which had occurred, on a previous night, during a lecture on Astronomy, when the lights were put out, and some rude

individuals, calling themselves young gentlemen, caused great anxiety in the mind of Mrs. Cramwell, respecting the fair pullets committed to her charge.

The hour of meeting came, and with it the day-pupils. The hustings were formed at the end of the study (or, as the apartment was once called, the school-room) of all the available desks and forms. As soon as the milk-and-water mugs and empty bread-and-butter plates had been carried away, the business of the evening commenced.

Miss Ellis was called to the music-stool, amidst much acclamation and applauding with Chambaud's Grammars on the forms. She hoped that every fair speaker would be allowed an equally fair hearing, and intimated her intention of immediately requesting every day-pupil who was unnecessarily loquacious to go home.

Miss Alicia Horton then addressed the meeting being the senior pupil, supposed to be engaged, going to leave on the end of the half, and consequently not caring what she said, which was as follows :—

Young ladies and half-boarders,

In proposing the first resolution, I beg to prefix it with a few remarks upon the nun-like seclusion which we have been condemned during the past year to a state of the most unmitigated confinement, which would only have been tolerated in one of those vents we read about whenever we can procure a *destine* novel from the library. I will not advise *the manner in which* we are now compelled to ta-

veil during our walks ; nor will I notice the mean feeling of envy which caused the English teacher, Miss Nip, to change the usual promenade on the high-road to the retired lanes (by which the object of the walking advertisement is entirely defeated) ever since the two gentlemen in the gig, with white Mackintoshes over their red hunting coats, kissed their hands to us. I will not recall to your minds her rage the same morning, when a low common person recognised her, in one of the five hundred vans which we met on their way to Hampton Court—no. I will not even allude to this circumstance ; nor hint at her obtrusive attention to Miss Marshall's brothers when they used to come to see their sister. She was accustomed to talk a great deal in the school about quiet and lady-like demeanour. Do you recollect her violent anger the night she heard Miss Marshall's eldest brother kiss Miss Daventry in the slate-closet, when they met there by chance in looking after a slate, on which he was going to show Miss Nip the way to draw a soldier going into a house with a dog at his heels, in three lines. You cannot forget it, so I will speak of it no further, but propose the first resolution :—

“ That Mrs. Cramwell be directed to give a ball at each breaking up, to which divers young gentlemen of agreeable manners and tail-coats be invited.”

Miss Ellen Newcome had much pleasure in seconding the resolution. She thought if young ladies' academies were less secluded, that their minds would

be expanded ; and a knowledge gained of the customs and manners of society which Miss Nip could never teach.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and forthwith entered by the secretary, Miss Ashton, into the blank leaf of a cyphering-book.

Miss Lovell rose to propose the next resolution, as follows :—

“ You must be aware, young ladies, of the quantity of dust-collecting articles with which we overwhelm our families every year, and which are commonly known as fancy-work. To the constant manufacture of this unmeaning rubbish I



firmly object. During the last year I have worked twelve perforated cards with floss silk, and sewn them into a knitting-box. I have embroidered two urn-rugs, with worsted tufts as big as oranges round the edges. I have orientally tinted four

screens with green lobsters, scarlet grapes, and blue currants, to say nothing of the birds and butterflies. And what has all this tended to?—

Nothing—but an increase of the half-yearly bills paid *by our devoted parents*. They had all got screens and *rugs enough already*—there was no occasion for any *more*. *What I wish to say is this :—why are we not*

allowed, if fancy-work *must* be done, to do it after what fashion and for whom we choose. Why should we gum our fingers, varnish our nails, and mess our frocks, for what we feel no interest in? (*Hear, hear.*) How much better would it be if we might work Berlin-wool slippers for any friends of our brothers, or our good-looking young gentlemen cousins—those attractive relations towards whom the heart of a confiding girl clings with all the deep fervour of a first platonic affection? (*Sensation among the ladies.*) Would you not much sooner work watch-guards out of your own hair, or purses studded with little steel beads, than sew guitar pincushions and butterfly housewives for your aunts; or make paper dahlias and Bristol-card-racks for your mothers' great connexions—always the most unpleasant people, you know? (*Cheers, and cries of 'Yes, yes!' and 'Certainly.'*) I will detain you, young ladies, no longer, but beg to propose—

“That in future, the young ladies be permitted to do what style of ornamental manufacture, commonly termed Fancy-work, they choose, and for whom they please, against they go home for the holidays.”

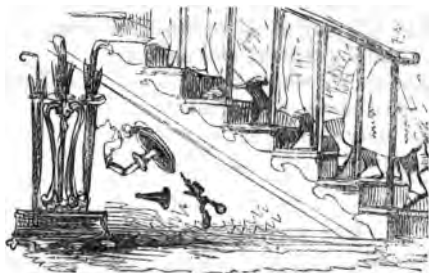
Miss Marshall approved of the resolution. Her brother had some acquaintances—law students residing in chambers in Lincoln's Inn—who were in a state of extreme domestic distress for the want of some worked silk braces, a Berlin kettle-holder, and some lined pieces of muslin for the backs of their easy chairs, where the head went, to keep the Circassian

cream from interfering with the Morocco leather. These could have been supplied without half the trouble and expense which she bestowed on the wire-gauze paper-case that she worked with Napoleon crossing the Alps, and yet she was not allowed to do them. (*Shame.*) Another of her brother's friends—a medical student living in lodgings—a lonely, unassisted bachelor—was losing all his handkerchiefs, one after another, at the wash, because there were no marks on them. She would have offered to mark them all with her own hair; but Mrs. Cramwell could not see the necessity. Instead of these, she was compelled to finish a transfer envelope-box with views of Netley Abbey and Carisbrook Castle outside. But this state of things could not last. They had but to unite to do all they wished.

Mademoiselle Smith—the “resident native” of the school prospectus, the “French teacher” who was clever enough to speak English with Saxon purity—rose to bring forward the next resolution. She said that she was the link between the teachers and the pupils—she might say, metaphorically speaking, the link that lighted them to excellence—but that the pupils were her best friends. She moved for the *Abolition of Punishment by the French Mark*. It was a degrading infliction, and equal to the brand of the criminal. She had been six weeks in a school at Paris to learn the French language; and none of *the girls were punished there for speaking English; and she would like to know why they should be punished here.* She was almost French, for her

mother had a widowed sister living at Boulogne ; and the spirit of the Parisian females rose within her as she thought of the indignity. The next time the indignity of the Mark was inflicted, she counselled a turn-out of everybody into the playground.

Miss Anne Clement was about to second the resolution, and had got as far as, "Recollect, young ladies, that *union fait la force*"—which sentiment she had borrowed from the motto of a Belgian half-penny that she treasured in her workbox—when a thundering knock at the street-door announced Mrs. Cramwell's return. The Convention immediately broke up, and fled in all directions, in the greatest confusion, and without even appointing a time for their next meeting. The majority hurried up the back stairs to their bed-rooms, leaving the day-scholars entirely in the dark, with orders to keep perfectly quiet until they heard Mrs. Cramwell edifying the parlour-boarders with a long account of what she had heard at the lecture, when they were to steal quietly away, and get home as fast as they could.



THE OJIBBEWAY'S SERENADE TO
HIS LOVE.



WEET, dwell with me, and our home
shall be
A wigwam full of smoke,
In a swamp that teems with the melody
Of the bull-frog's mildewy croak.
The scalps of foes, who have turned
up their toes,
Shall deck thee in queenly pride ;
And with tinkling brass I will wring
thy nose,
And paint thy cheeks blue, my bride !

Thy tresses I 'll dress with smut and gum,
And with oil thy brows I 'll grease ;
And I 'll play on the oyster-barrel drum,
And the rattle of nuts and peas.
And deck'd with bones, and with bits of pipe,
And pieces of tin beside,
No other shall be so fine as thee,
Squaw of my heart, my bride !



THE MODERN SELKIRK.

BALLAD OF THE EXETER ARCADE BEADLE.*

I AM beadle of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre to over the way,
I 'm lord of the playbills and fruit.
O, solitude, where are thy joys?
O, would I could see but one face!
'T 'is but to be chaffed by the boys
I am left in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must walk up and down all day long,
I 've no one to list to my speech,
I have not the pluck for a song.

* For the original of this touching poem see page 17.

The newspaper boys they peep in,
And laugh and insult me with glee;
To them it is very good fun—
Their jesting is shocking to me.

Lyceum ! what pleasures untold
Reside in thy laugh-loving crowd ;
But I may grow owlish and old,
Ere to witness a play I 'm allowed.
The sound of the drop-raising bell,
Not once, as a beadle, I 've heard ;
Never sighed at a tragedy swell,
Nor laughed when a burlesque appear'd.

Shareholders, who 've made me your sport,
Convey to this dreary arcade
A drop of that something called short,
Or with me 't is all up, I 'm afraid.
If my friends would but now and then send
A small drop of comfort to me,
I might know that I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

THE RAILWAY OF LIFE.

LIFE 's a railway !—on its line
Many people come and go.
Some, like first-class trains, are “fast,”
Others most immensely “slow.”

Stations form the lapse of years—
Changing prospects and condition ;
And the grave 's a terminus,
With a stoker for physician.



A BOWL OF PUNCH.

THE FIENDS OF FIRE.

A LAY OF THE LOCOMOTIVES.

HEAP the furnace higher still ;
Fling afar each glowing flake ;
Hurry on for good or ill,
Make the engine strain and shake.
Through the red bars lambently
Roars the fierce and darting fire,
Like some maddened beast of prey
Chafing in its fetter'd ire.
Ho ! ho !
On we go !
And wildly about the embers throw !

What care we if heedless sparks
On the farmer's harvest light ?
What care we for blazing barns,
Gleaming wildly through the night ?
Cattle scamper—poultry cackle—
All the farm-yard wakes to life ;
Hedges blaze—plantations crackle—
We alone have caused the strife.
Ho ! ho !
On we go !
And wildly about the embers throw !

L E N O R A ,

A BALLAD,

NEWLY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

THERE have been so many excellent Translations done of this powerful Ballad that some little apology should be made for offering the present one to the reader. But the Metre of the original has not been strictly preserved in any I have seen ; and, in consequence, the Poem loses much of its impressiveness. In the following attempt I have carefully kept to the Metre ; and in some lines the words are in the exact order of the original : indeed I have sacrificed every thing to make it as close and literal as possible. But for this intention many of the verses might have been considerably improved.



Lenora, at the Blush of Day,
 From heavy Slumbers started,
 "Art dead, or faithless, Wilhelm, say,
 How long must we be parted ?"
 He was with Frederick's armed Might,
 At Prague, and there engaged in Fight,
 Had sent no Word or Token,
 To prove his health unbroken.



The Empress and the Prussian King,
 Weary of constant striving,
 Their stubborn Natures softening,
 Saw Peace at last arriving.
 And all the Troops rejoiced and sang,
 With Kettle-drums' and martial Clang,
 Their Arms with green Boughs twining,
 Towards their Homes inclining.





And everywhere—all, all around,
From Roads and Pathways meeting,
Both Old and Young, with joyous Sound
Went forth to give their greeting.
"Thank God!" the Child and Wife outer
And "Welcome!" many a happy Bride:
Lenora, only, misses
The warm Embrace and Kisses.



And up and down, amidst the Brave,
She flew, each Name repeating;
But none the Information gave
Of all that warlike Meeting.
And when the Train had passed elsewhere,
She tore her Locks of Raven-hair.
To earth her fair Form flinging,
Her Hands in Frenzy wringing.



Her Mother ran to her, and cried,
"With Mercy, Heaven, invest her,
What Ill can my dear child betide?"
And in her fond Arms pressed her.
"O, Mother—gone is gone for aye,
The World and all may pass away.
God has no Kindness done me,
Oh woe! oh woe! upon me!"



"Help, God! help! Leave us not unble
Pray to Him to befriend us.
What is His Will, is for the best,
God! God! some Comfort send us!"
"Oh, Mother, Mother! foolish Plea!
God has done nothing well for me!
My Prayer 's unhel'p'd, unheeded,
Shall never more be needed!"

" Help, God ! the true Believers know
 Their Gloom his Aid can brighten :
 The hallowed sacramental Vow,
 Thy Misery shall lighten."
 " Oh, Mother, this consuming Rage,
 No Sacrament can e'er assuage ;
 No Sacrament e'er taken,
 Has Power the Dead to waken."



" Lift, Child. Perchance thy Lover now,
 In distant Lands united,
 In falsehood has renounced his Vow,
 To some new Marriage plighted.
 So let him go. His Love thus o'er,
 His heart shall never profit more ;
 When Soul and Body sever,
 His pangs shall last for ever."



" Oh, Mother—Mother ! Gone is gone !
 The past, the past is ended !
 Death—Death is now my Gain alone,
 Why was I born unfriended ?
 Be quenched my Light—be quenched for aye,
 In Night and Horror die away.
 God has no Kindness done me,
 Oh woe ! oh woe upon me !"



" Help, God ! nor into Judgment go,
 On this poor Child's Expressions ;
 What her Tongue says, she does not know :
 Record not her Transgressions.
 Forget all earthly Woe, like this,
 Think but on God and Heavenly Bliss ;
 Then to thy Spirits panting,
 No Bridegroom shall be wanting."





"Oh, Mother! what is Hell—er Bliss—
That thus you speak about it;
I knew but Heav'n in Wilhelm's Kiss,
And all is Hell without it.
Be quench'd my Sight—be quench'd for aye,
In Night and Horror die away;
On earth, without my Lover,
All Happiness is over."



Thus her Despair o'er every Sense
And through each Vein was raging,
And war against God's Providence
Most rashly she was raging.
She wrung her Hands and beat her Breast,
Until the Sun went down to Rest,
And up in Heav'n's Arch beaming,
The golden Stars were gleaming.



Push! listen! listen! tramp—tramp—tramp!
A Courser's Steps she counted,
The Rider next, with clattering Stamp,
Before the Porch dismounted.
And listen! at the Gate, a Ring,
Sounds faintly—faintly—ling-ling-ling!
And then came, through the Portal,
These Words, distinctly mortal,



"Holla! open the Door my Pet;
Watchest thou, here? or sleepest?
How art thou mooded towards me yet?
And laughest thou, or weepst?"
"Ah, Wilhelm! thou! So late at Night!
I've watch'd for thee in forrowing Night,
And undergone much Shiding.
Whence com'st thou now, thus riding?"

'We only saddle at Midnight ;
 From far Bohemia, hither,
 I rous'd myself late for the Flight,
 And now will bear thee thither."
 "Stag, Wilhelm, stag ! The Wind doth rush
 Loud whistling through the Hawthorn-bush.
 Here—Heart's love—let me hold thee,
 My warm Arms shall enfold thee."



"Let the Wind whistle through the Paws,
 Child—let it whistle stronger,
 Now clink my Spur ; the Black-horse paws ;
 I dare not tarry longer.
 Come—come : truss up thy Dress, and spring
 On my Black-horse, behind me swing.
 To reach our Couch to-day, Love,
 One hundred Miles away, Love."



"And must I ride one hundred Miles
 To our Bride-bed to day, Love ?
 And hark ! the Church Clock tolls meanwhile,
 Eleven ! doth it say, Love ?"
 "See here !—see there !—the moon is high ;
 We and the Dead can swiftly fly.
 'Tis for a Bet we're flying,
 To where the Couch is lying."



"Yet say—where is thy bridal Hall,
 Thy nuptial bed—where lies it ?"
 "Far—far from hence !—still, cool, and small,
 Eight slender Planks comprise it."
 "Past room for me ?" "For me and thee !
 Come, gird thy dress ; quick, mount with me.
 The Guests are there to meet thee ;
 The Doors wide open greet thee."





The fair Girl quickly tresseth, and sprung
Upon the horse behind him ;
And round the trusty Rider flung,
Her lily Arms entwined him.
And hurra ! off ! away ! the Steed
Flies like the Wind, with whirling Speed ;
The horse and Rider quivering,
And Sparks and Pebbles shivering.



And right and left—on either hand
Before their Eyes quick sund'ring,
Saw flew the Carus, and Heath, and Land !
And hew the Bridges thunder'd !
"Dearest, dost fear ? The Moon is high !
Hurra ! the Dead can swiftly fly !
Dost fear the Dead, my own Love ?"
"Nay—leave the Dead alone, Love."



What sound is that of Glang and Knell ?
Why do the Ravens flutter ?
Hark ! the death-song : and tolls the Bell !
"Bury the corpse" they utter !
A funeral Train was coming near ;
They bore the Coffin and the Bier :
The hymn, the Groat resembled
Of Frogs in Ponds assembled.

"After midnight inter the Dead,
With Knell and Lamentation :
Now, my young Wife I homeward lead
With bridal Celebration.
Come, Sexton, with thy choral Throng
And drawl us out thy bridal Song !
Come, gabble, Priest, thy Blessing,
G'er tow'rd the Couch we're pressing."

The Slang was still'd ; vanish'd the Dier,
 Obedient to his calling :
 And all beside—lefts and lefts near
 Behind his Horse was falling.
 And further—faster still—the Steed
 Flies like the Wind with whistling Speed ;
 The Horse and Rider quivering,
 And Sparks and Pebbles shivering.



And left, and right, how swift in flight
 Pass'd Hedges, Trees, and Mountains :
 How flew on right, and left, and right,
 Towns, Villages, and Fountains.
 "Dearest ! dost fear ? The moon is high !
 Hurra ! the Dead can swiftly fly !
 Dost fear the Dead, my own Love ?"
 "Ah, leave the Dead alone, Love !"



See there ! about the Gallows' Height
 Round the Wheel's Arle prancing,
 Seen dimly in the pale Moonlight,
 A shadowy Mob is dancing.
 "Palloo—here ! Rabble ! Ho ! come here !
 Come, Mob, with me—and follow near !
 Our Wedding-dance be skipping
 When we to Bed are tripping."



And quickly on the Mob did rush
 Behind them, noisy-clattering,
 As Whirlwinds through the Hesel-bush,
 Send down the dry Leaves pattering :
 And further—faster still—the Steed
 Flies like the Wind, with whistling Speed ;
 The Horse and Rider quivering,
 And Sparks and Pebbles shivering.





Hew flew they in the Moon's wide Light,
 Soon into Distance speeding !
 And overhead, how quick in flight
 Were Heavens and Stars receding !
 "Dearest ! dost fear ? The Moon is high !
 Hurra ! the Dead can swiftly fly !
 Dost fear the Dead, my own Love ?"
 "Oh, leave the Dead alone, Love !"



"My Steed ! methinks the Gock doth crow ;
 The Sand is just expended ;
 My Steed ! the Morning Air I know,
 Quick, hence ! our Course is ended :
 Achiev'd, achiev'd now is our Ride !
 The nuptial Chamber opens wide !
 The Dead ride swiftly striving !
 The Goal, the Goal's arriving !"



And swiftly tow'ards an Iron Gate
 With tearing Speed they thunder'd :
 With a slight Switch he strikes the Gate,
 And Lock and Bolt is sunder'd.
 The Doors unseltd, creaking wide,
 And over Graves still on they ride,
 With Tomb-stones round them gleaming,
 On which the Moon is beaming.



Cool ! in the Twinkling of an Eye,
 Ho ! ho !—a ghastly wonder !
 Piecemeal the Rider's Garments lie,
 Like Tinder shred asunder.
 A Skull, of Lust and Queue bereft,
 A naked Skull alone is left !
 A Skeleton, before her
 Held's Scythe and Sand-glass o'er her !

The Black-horse wildly snorts and rears,
 And breathes forth Sparks ; and, hringing
 From underneath them, disappears,
 Quick vanishing and sinking.
 Wild howling fills the Welkin round,
 And Groans from the deep Grave resound.
 Lenora's Heart, just shivering,
 Twixt Life and Death is quivering.



And now beneath the Moon's pale Glance,
 Round in a Circle frowning,
 Link'd hand in hand, the Spectres dance,
 And to this Tune are howling :
 " Forbear ! forbear ! though breaks the Heart,
 'Gainst God in Heaven take no Part.
 Now from thy Body sever,—
 God save thy Soul for ever !"



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